MARCH 14, 2016

TIME

On the plane with Donald Trump

By David Von Drehle

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TIME
VOL. 187, NO. 9 | 2016

Cover Story

Stupor Tuesday

Donald Trump's big primary wins left Republican elites staring slack-jawed at their TV sets. Will they close or break ranks with their party's likely nominee?

Trump to America: Trust Me

Election 2016 is now a referendum on one man

By David Von Drehle 34

Divide. Conquer. Repeat

Trump has been playing the us-vs.-them game for years

By Alex Altman 40

Trump in Fort Worth on Feb. 26

Pay This Amount

You have health insurance and you went to an in-network hospital. So why do you owe $10,000?

By Haley Sweetland Edwards 44

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U.S. Olympic fencer Ibtihaj Muhammad has a distinct view about what really makes America great

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Photograph by Noam Galai—WireImage/Getty Images

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TRUMP: RON JENKINS—TNS/ZUMA WIRE; FEY: PARAMOUNT

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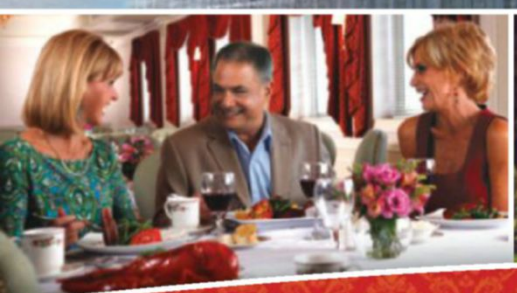

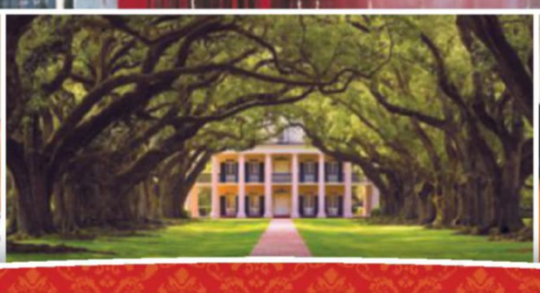

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What you said about ...

THE RISE OF DRIVERLESS CARS Even readers who love to drive expressed appreciation for Matt Vella's March 7 cover story on the coming age of self-driving autos, calling the piece timely, if bittersweet. Rick Ferrell of Centreville, Md., a former race-car driver who was also once hit by a car, would miss handling his "beloved '97 BMW Z3 roadster," he wrote, but called the safety gained by going driverless "a step in the right direction."

> 'There go my dreams of retiring and becoming an Uber driver.'
>
> **LEWIS BURTON COE**, Cranford, N.J.

But many others weren't quite ready to trust the new technology. "If auto manufacturers cannot make the relatively simple electronics of today's cars work reliably, how can they drive with them?" asked Robert Tugwell of Belton, S.C. And Mark Johnson, co-owner of an auto-repair shop in Fort Collins, Colo., warned that such cars "will only be as good as [their] electrical integrity, which always deteriorates over time."

Even so, Suzy Heller Curtis of West Bloomfield, Mich., saw an upside to letting machines take the wheel: "As a widow looking for a nice guy who drives at night, the new technology could offer me some new prospects!"

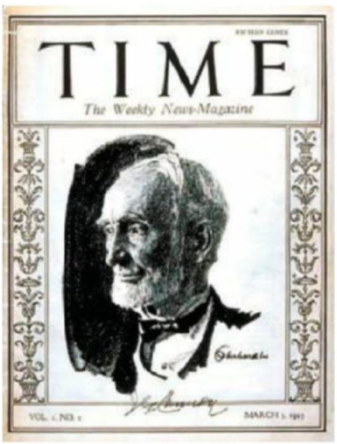
> 'Is this the end of our beloved, much-fought-for republic?'
>
> **PAUL HONNOLD**, Kansas, Ill.

KLEIN ON TRUMP Joe Klein's column on how Donald Trump became the GOP front runner by expertly reading the national mood and playing to primal fears prompted praise for its insight and fairness. But Richard Tremayne of Mesick, Mich., suggested that Klein had overlooked a legitimate reason for Trump's appeal: "I don't believe in everything Trump proposes," he wrote, "but people want change, not a recirculated governor, Senator or Vice President."

Back in TIME

March 3, 1923 THE FIRST ISSUE

As TIME marks its 93rd birthday, here's a look back at some highlights from the first issue, which can be read at ***time.com/vault.***


TIME
The Weekly News-Magazine

COVER
Joseph Gurney Cannon, former Speaker of the House, was retiring after 23 years in the House of Representatives

- The foreign news covers the occupation of the Rhineland—later a flash point in the rise of Hitler.
- The books page floats the rumor that T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* was a hoax.
- The Milestones section made its first appearance. (You can find it in this issue on page 13.)
- The Health section reports on a blind boy who got a partial porcine eye transplant—and "a contract to appear in vaudeville with the pig."

NOW ON TIME.COM Will we ever beat the mosquito? To find out, TIME's Alexandra Sifferlin went to Piracicaba, Brazil, where officials are waging war on the insects and the Zika virus. Read more at **time.com/mosquito-war.**

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MOSQUITO: GETTY IMAGES

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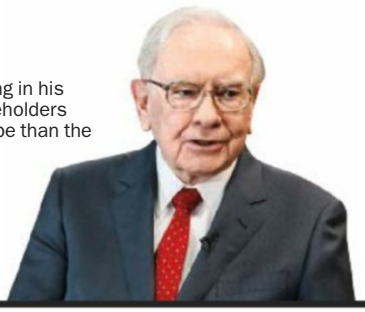
‘The babies being born in America today are the luckiest crop in history.’

WARREN BUFFETT, billionaire investor, writing in his annual letter to Berkshire Hathaway shareholders that the U.S. economy is in far better shape than the candidates for President warn



‘This feels great.’

SCOTT KELLY, American astronaut, upon landing back on Earth after he spent almost a year in space

Starbucks
The coffee chain is opening its first location in Italy

GOOD WEEK
BAD WEEK

Twitter
The company has lost more than $2 billion since its launch a decade ago

‘FOR SOME OF US, PRINCIPLE AND COUNTRY STILL MATTER.’

MEG WHITMAN, Hewlett-Packard executive and former finance co-chair of Republican Chris Christie’s suspended presidential campaign, condemning Christie’s endorsement of front runner Donald Trump as “an astonishing display of political opportunism” and calling Trump “unfit to be President”

1,484

Miles away from home that a Wisconsin cat was found in Florida

947,000

The decline in Japan’s population from 2010 to 2015, the latest sign of the country’s aging crisis

‘I’M HERE AT THE ACADEMY AWARDS, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE WHITE PEOPLE’S CHOICE AWARDS.’

CHRIS ROCK, comedian and host of the Oscars, opening his monologue by directly addressing the controversy over the lack of diversity among the Oscar nominees

60

Boxes of cookies two Girl Scouts sold outside a New Mexico marijuana dispensary; a Scout leader later said that location is against Scout rules

‘Ms. Eisenstein, one question.’

CLARENCE THOMAS, Supreme Court Justice, breaking an unprecedented decadelong stretch of not asking a single question during oral arguments; he finally chimed in to ask federal-government lawyer Ilana Eisenstein about a case involving domestic-violence convictions and gun rights

BUFFETT, WHITMAN, STARBUCKS: GETTY IMAGES; KELLY: AP; ILLUSTRATIONS BY BROWN BIRD DESIGN FOR TIME

The Brief

'IRAN IS ONE OF THE ONLY COUNTRIES IN THE MIDDLE EAST WHERE POPULAR WILL MATTERS.' —PAGE 12

2016 CAMPAIGN

How Bernie Sanders' campaign could spawn a liberal Tea Party

By Sam Frizell

BERNIE SANDERS GREETED HIS Super Tuesday defeat with trademark defiance. Though he had been clobbered by Hillary Clinton, losing seven of 11 states, the prize had not dimmed. "This campaign is not just about electing a President," he told a crowd in Essex Junction, Vt. "It is about making a political revolution!" Then he left for his home in Burlington, where he stoked the fire in the wood-burning stove and watched his grandkids play on the couch.

Sanders' bid for the White House will almost certainly end at the Democratic Convention in July. But it is increasingly apparent that he has, in fact, sparked a populist revolt that will endure well beyond the primaries. There is real anger on the left about income inequality and Wall Street's influence, and it may cause Democrats the same kind of headaches that the Tea Party gave Republicans. "Party leadership, rather than wringing their hands, needs to start thinking strategically about this," says Representative Raúl Grijalva of Arizona. "If you eliminate the messenger, it doesn't eliminate the message."

Sanders' allies have closely studied the Tea Party's rise in 2009 and 2010, when the far right challenged the GOP leadership, put up opponents in primaries and hijacked the party's agenda. Now progressives say

Supporters cheer Sanders during a Feb. 29 rally in Milton, Mass.

AP

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACQUELYN MARTIN

they are planning a similar upset. "One can disdain everything the Tea Party stands for, but you cannot be anything but admiring about what they have accomplished," says Dan Cantor, national director of the Working Families Party, an activist progressive group that has endorsed Sanders. "They're incredibly powerful as an organization."

In some ways, Sanders voters are like a funhouse mirror image of the Tea Party. At rally after rally, in Iowa, New Hampshire, Maine and Nevada, Sanders backers were blue collar and struggling, truckers, exterminators, furniture sellers and community-college students. They often said they were angry about Wall Street bailouts, disappointed in President Obama and wary of trusting Clinton. "I don't believe a word that comes out of her mouth," says Kimberly Vazquez, an Arizona resident and daughter of Mexican parents who canvassed for Sanders in Nevada last month.

Sanders' legatees are growing in number. Representative Alan Grayson, a left-wing firebrand running for the U.S. Senate in Florida, recently called his Establishment-backed opponent a "lickspittle pillock." Chris Larson, a Wisconsin state senator, has launched a progressive primary fight against incumbent Democrat Chris Abele for Milwaukee County executive, Governor Scott Walker's former post. "This is a rejection of the corporatist Democrat, Robert Rubin party that idolized Wall Street," says John Fetterman, the mayor of Braddock, Pa., who is running for the Senate against a D.C.-backed opponent. "Bernie has shifted the goalposts."

In the short term, whether Sanders voters transfer their loyalty to Clinton will depend on both Bernie and Hillary. After raising $43 million in February, Sanders will campaign on to the convention, amassing delegates in states like Wisconsin, Maine and Michigan, but is set to fall short of the tally needed to win the nomination. Nonetheless, he will want a say in the party's platform and a prime-time speaking slot in Philadelphia, and he may press the convention to adopt rules that bar Democrats from accepting super-PAC money in primary races. How gently Sanders is treated by the Clinton folks between now and then may determine what portion of his primary voters stick with the party nominee in November.

And if the GOP wins the general election with Donald Trump, the Sanders revolt seems certain to grow. Any Republican in the White House would embolden the Sanders left; a Trump presidency might inflame it. In the meantime, the Sanders vote is mulling its options. "I'm not a fair-weather friend of Bernie's," says Rick Duncan, a semiretired telecom line worker from Urbandale, Iowa. "I'm there till he's done one way or another. When we talk about a revolution, we're serious." —*With reporting by* JAY NEWTON-SMALL/WASHINGTON

TRENDING

TECHNOLOGY
Google said it clearly bears "some responsibility" for what may be **the first known traffic accident caused by a self-driving car,** on Feb. 14. The firm has tweaked the vehicle's software since its Lexus SUV hit a bus in Mountain View, Calif., while avoiding obstacles on the road.

FINANCE
Argentina agreed Feb. 29 to **pay $4.65 billion to four U.S. hedge funds** that had locked the country in a legal dispute for more than 12 years over missed bond repayments. The deal, backed by President Mauricio Macri, allows the country to borrow money more cheaply.

HEALTH
Nevada currently has the **highest syphilis rate in the western U.S.** after an outbreak in Las Vegas, predominantly among men. Health officials say the spike is part of a nationwide trend linked to both increased testing and the popularity of hookup apps.

BIG QUESTION

What is killing off the pollinators?

Over 75% of types of crops rely on bees, butterflies and other critters to pollinate plants. A new U.N. report shows these pollinators are dying fast, threatening global food security. Here's why. —*Justin Worland*

LAND-USE CHANGES
Pollinators thrive in diverse habitats with a mix of native vegetation. But converting land for agriculture often destroys that biodiversity, reducing pollinator health.

DISEASE AND PARASITES
Bees in particular have been victimized by a range of microscopic threats, which can weaken them—and leave them more vulnerable to other dangers.

PESTICIDE USE
Pesticides like neonicotinoids can kill not only the insects that destroy harvests but also some of the bees, bats and other bugs that help crops reproduce.

CLIMATE CHANGE
Rising global temperatures shift the range of habitats where bees and other pollinators can survive. Scientists fear current trends could worsen as the world warms.

DIGITS

23,846

Number of nonexistent "ghost workers" the Nigerian government announced it removed from its payroll Feb. 28, creating monthly savings of around $11.5 million

Macedonian police fired tear gas at migrants attempting to cross the Greek border on Feb. 29

SPOTLIGHT

Europe fractures as the migrant crisis worsens

THE U.N. WARNED ON MARCH 1 OF A looming humanitarian crisis in Greece, where over 100,000 migrants arrived in the first two months of 2016 and police clashed with asylum seekers at the Macedonian border on Feb. 29. But European leaders are still struggling to agree on a unified policy to tackle the problem ahead of an anticipated springtime surge in migration. A $760 million emergency aid package proposed by the European Commission on March 2 may help, but the bloc remains sharply divided on a long-term plan:

WESTERN RELUCTANCE German Chancellor Angela Merkel called an emergency summit for March 7 to urge E.U. leaders both to accept more migrants and to pay Turkey to care for the millions of Syrians in its territory. But Western Europe has other concerns. France, wary of security after the Paris attacks, began dismantling the Calais migrant camp known as the Jungle. In the U.K., the government frets that any positive action on migrants will affect its June referendum on E.U. membership. There are fears the Schengen Agreement, which allows passport-free travel across 26 countries, could be suspended absent a coherent plan.

Merkel is trying to keep a fractious Europe together

EASTERN CRACKDOWN Hungary is planning a referendum of its own on the E.U.'s migrant quotas, while Austria defied Europe's leaders in February by placing a cap of just 80 per day on asylum requests made from Slovenia. This led to bottlenecks along the Balkans, with Croatia and Slovenia limiting entries and Macedonia shutting its border with Greece completely on Feb. 29.

MERKEL IN THE MIDDLE The German leader is now under huge pressure from both her own party and right-wing opponents to alter her stance on refugees and impose limits. Merkel hopes her summit will produce results, but German voters will get to register their feelings on the crisis—and their embattled leader—in a trio of state elections on March 13. —TARA JOHN

DATA

BEST AND WORST PASSPORTS

Consulting firm Henley & Partners ranks passports' "strength" by the number of nations that can be entered sans visa. Some of this year's list:

1
Germany

4
U.S.

7
Greece

78
Cuba

85
India

104
Afghanistan

TECHNOLOGY: BEE: AP; FINANCE, HEALTH, MERKEL: GETTY IMAGES; MIGRANTS: LOUISA GOULIAMAKI—AFP/GETTY IMAGES; GHOST: ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN GEE FOR TIME

TRENDING

CENSORSHIP
Five Hong Kong booksellers who vanished in 2015 appeared on Chinese TV on Feb. 28 and 29 to **confess to selling "unauthorized" books** critical of communist leaders in mainland China. Lee Bo, a British citizen, also said he would give up his U.K. residence rights.

ELECTIONS
Ireland's general election on Feb. 27 produced a **hung Parliament without any clear path to establishing a coalition government,** as the combined popular vote for the two major parties—Fine Gael and Fianna Fáil—fell below 50% for the first time ever.

TRANSPORT
NASA awarded Lockheed Martin a contract to design a **quiet supersonic passenger jet capable of flying at about 1,100 m.p.h.,** almost as fast as the defunct Concorde. A test vehicle using Quiet Supersonic Technology (QueSST) could be ready by 2020.

THE RISK REPORT

The nuclear deal pays off in Iran's elections

By Ian Bremmer

PRESIDENT OBAMA HAS MADE HIS SHARE of foreign policy mistakes, particularly in the Middle East. But it's ironic that Republican critics now hammer him hardest over his nuclear deal with Iran, a bet that has already paid out for those who want to undermine Iran's hard-liners. Elections for Iran's parliament and its Assembly of Experts—which picks the nation's Supreme Leader—were hardly free and fair. Conservatives managed to block the candidacy of almost every well-known pragmatist and reformer—yet the few who were allowed to run made stunning gains in both elections.

It's the Iranian people, not Obama, who produced this outcome. But without the nuclear deal that Obama pushed for—and the sanctions relief and economic surge it's about to deliver in Iran—it's unlikely that voters would have cast ballots to endorse change in such big numbers. A hard-line approach from the West would have surely provoked a hard-line response from Iran's clerics, with support, or at best apathy, from the vast majority of Iranians. Instead, the nuclear deal and the accompanying optimism have driven a wedge between those in Iran who want to protect the cleric-controlled status quo and those who want a more open and dynamic society.

This is not a revolution. Hard-line conservatives held their own with voters outside Tehran. They still control the army, the courts, state-run media and the Revolutionary Guards, the dominant force in Iran's foreign policy. When the current Supreme Leader, Ayatullah Ali Khamenei, dies, conservatives will work hard to ensure their candidate replaces him by any means necessary. A thaw in relations between Iran and the U.S. won't come soon—if it comes at all.

But after the popular unrest that followed a rigged presidential election in 2009, the first-round landslide that lifted reformer Hassan Rouhani to the presidency in 2013 and this latest expression of the popular will, no one can deny that a large segment of Iran's nearly 80 million people want a more open society and a more pragmatic approach to the outside world. This election was shaped in part by activists who took to social media—including Telegram, a messaging app popular with millions of Iranians—to organize and inspire like-minded people. Prominent conservatives were left to weave laughable conspiracy theories about foreign plots, undermining their already limited credibility with Iranians too young to remember the revolution.

> Reformers, including the country's popular President, are emboldened

Iran is one of the only countries in the Middle East where popular will matters. There is not yet a crucial shift in the balance of power within Iran, but for the moment reformers, including the country's popular President, are emboldened. Hard-liners are on the defensive. That's in part because Obama and other outsiders gambled on ending Iran's isolation and giving its people a reason to invest in the promise of change. □

EXPLAINER

Fallout from Flint's water crisis

The decision to hold the March 6 Democratic presidential debate in Flint, Mich., refocused the nation's attention on this troubled city and its lead-contaminated water supply. While the state is pledging millions to help Flint recover, troubling questions remain about what officials knew and when they knew it. *—Josh Sanburn*

HOW BAD IS IT NOW?
Since Oct. 1, 91 kids have been diagnosed with lead poisoning, which can result in brain damage and other developmental issues. A deadly outbreak of Legionnaires' disease, a severe form of pneumonia, has sickened 87 people and killed nine since June 2014. The link to the water supply hasn't been proven, but newly disclosed emails show state officials raised the prospect almost a year before the public was informed.

Flint residents are still being advised to drink bottled water ›

Milestones

DIED

› **Aubrey McClendon,** 56, ex–Chesapeake CEO, in a car wreck, one day after being indicted for conspiring to rig energy lease bids.

› **George Kennedy,** 91, star of the *Airport* movies, who won the 1967 Oscar for Best Supporting Actor for *Cool Hand Luke.*

› **Louise Rennison,** 63, author best known for her young-adult novel *Angus, Thongs and Full-Frontal Snogging.*

ELECTED

As the new president of FIFA, **Gianni Infantino.** Infantino, 45, succeeds the disgraced Sepp Blatter as head of soccer's powerful international governing body, which has been rocked by corruption scandals.

VETOED

By Dennis Daugaard, Republican governor of South Dakota, a bill that would have made the state the first in the country to **restrict bathroom access for transgender public-school students.**

Curry's record-setting season included this game-winning shot from far beyond the three-point arc on Feb. 27

SET

Stephen Curry
A new NBA record

THAT IT FELT INEVITABLE MADE IT NO LESS SPECTACULAR. On Feb. 27, Stephen Curry left no doubt that he is the best long-range shooter in professional basketball, breaking his own single-season mark of 286 three-pointers—set a year ago—during a transcendent 46-point performance that included the game-winning shot taken from nearly half-court.

Par for the course in a season that has turned even rival players into fawning fanboys. Propelled by Curry's laser aim, the Golden State Warriors are closing in on the record of 72 regular-season wins set by Michael Jordan's 1996 Chicago Bulls. And unlike the increasingly bitter presidential campaign, this run is a pure pleasure to watch.

—SEAN GREGORY

CENSORSHIP: NEWSCOM; ELECTIONS: AP; TRANSPORT: NASA—LOCKHEED MARTIN; FLINT: TOM WILLIAMS—CQ ROLL CALL/GETTY IMAGES; CURRY: GREG NELSON—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED; ROUNDUP: REUTERS

WHAT'S BEING DONE?

The state legislature has appropriated $37 million to help Flint treat children with elevated lead levels and pay residents' unpaid utility bills, and Governor Rick Snyder has proposed $195 million for aid and infrastructure improvements that would potentially replace the city's estimated 5,000 lead pipes. Flint Mayor Karen Weaver is pushing her own $55 million proposal to replace corroded plumbing.

WHO'S TO BLAME?

One state official has been fired, while the EPA's Midwest chief has resigned. But the focus has remained on the governor, who released a trove of emails showing that aides suggested Flint return to Lake Huron water in October 2014, more than a year before Snyder declared a state of emergency. Expect Congress to grill the governor on the timeline when he testifies on March 17.

ROUNDUP

World's longest flights

On March 2, Emirates' new flight from Dubai to Auckland—which lasted 17 hr. 15 min.—officially became the world's longest nonstop scheduled commercial route. Here, the runners-up (ranked by estimated time from gate to gate):

Dallas/Fort Worth
▼
Hong Kong
Time: 17:05
Distance: 8,108 nautical miles
Carrier: American Airlines

Johannesburg
▼
Atlanta
Time: 16:57
Distance: 8,434 nautical miles
Carrier: Delta

Dallas/Fort Worth
▼
Sydney
Time: 16:55
Distance: 8,576 nautical miles
Carrier: Qantas

Dubai
▼
Houston
Time: 16:45
Distance: 8,151 nautical miles
Carrier: Emirates

Abu Dhabi
▼
Dallas/Fort Worth
Time: 16:45
Distance: 8,056 nautical miles
Carrier: Etihad Airways

Abu Dhabi
▼
Los Angeles
Time: 16:40
Distance: 8,375 nautical miles
Carrier: Etihad Airways

—Alex Fitzpatrick

Emirates' Dubai-Auckland flight spans 8,819 nautical miles

How the pay gap hurts women's financial security

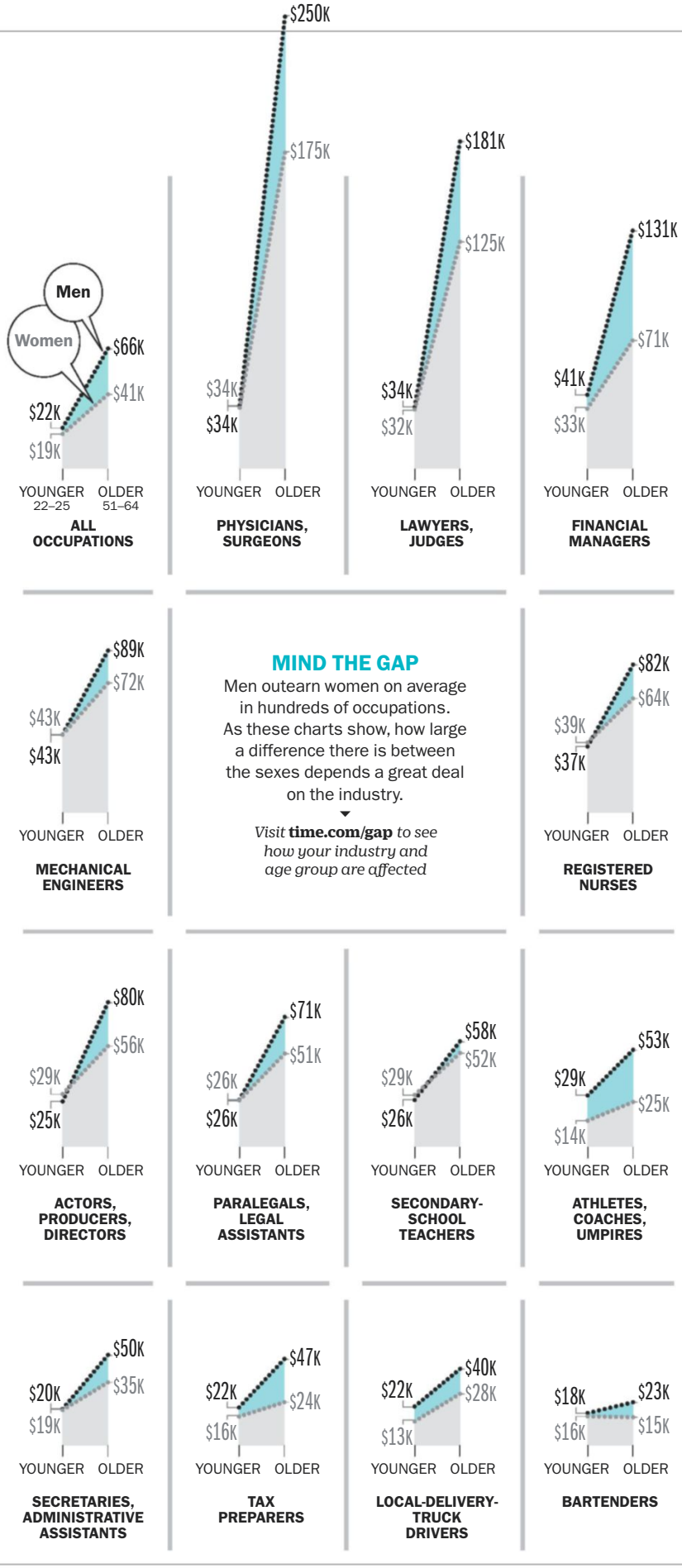
By Amelia Showalter and Chris Wilson

FROM HILLARY CLINTON TO DONALD Trump, top presidential candidates are grappling with how to eliminate the gap between what men and women earn in the workplace. Just how wide is that chasm? According to an analysis by TIME, women earn less than men at every age range: 15% less at ages 22 to 25 and a staggering 38% less at ages 51 to 64.

What secondary-school teachers earn can help tell this story. From ages 22 to 25, women earn 10% more than their male colleagues. By the time those teachers turn 30, there is no statistical difference between them and their male peers. By 35, the men make more. It's a pattern evident throughout other female-dominated professions from nursing to social work. In male-dominated professions like engineering and finance, women typically make less from the very start. Before retiring, a woman typically loses $435,049 over the course of a career because of the current wage gap, according to a 2015 analysis from the National Women's Law Center, a Washington, D.C., advocacy group.

To get a clearer picture of the gap, we analyzed the average wages earned by more than 15 million Americans surveyed by the Census Bureau from 2008 to 2012, classified into 460 occupational categories. We found that for 372 of those occupations there was enough information to determine that there was a statistically significant gender pay gap in at least one of the seven age ranges we examined.

In all, there were 1,490 combinations of age and occupation in which there was a statistically significant difference in how much men and women made. Only 22 of those 1,490 involved women making more money than men. Most startling: there was not a single occupation in which women ages 30 and older took home significantly higher average salaries than their male colleagues, even if they started out making more. ◻



SOURCES: IPUMS-USA; UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA; IPUMS.ORG

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JAPAN

Five years on, the cleanup workers of Fukushima are still on the job

FUKUSHIMA MEANS "BLESSED island" in Japanese. Yet five years after the triple tragedy of earthquake, tsunami and nuclear meltdown—the natural disaster itself claimed nearly 16,000 lives—the region remains mired in misery. Around 100,000 people are still homeless, their land poisoned by the nuclear fallout from the accident at Fukushima Daiichi power plant. The accident will take decades to clean up.

A 2012 commission authorized by the Japanese parliament blamed the nuclear crisis on a toxic combination of sloppy oversight, bungled emergency procedures and a culture prone to unquestioning obedience. Yet it wasn't until last month that the first criminal charges—of official negligence leading to death—were brought against former executives at Tokyo Electric Power Co., the utility that ran the plant. Last October, the Japanese government for the first time awarded workers' compensation to a man subcontracted for the cleanup effort at the disabled Fukushima Daiichi plant. After more than a year at ground zero, he developed leukemia. It's hard to definitively prove a causal relationship between radiation and disease, whether physical or mental. But whatever the science says, Fukushima locals know their blessed island is now a byword for tribulation. —HANNAH BEECH

Portraits of workers at the nuclear power plant in Okuma, Japan, taken on Feb. 23, 2016

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER FURLONG—GETTY IMAGES

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JEFFREY KLUGER

TIME EDITOR & CO-AUTHOR OF APOLLO 13

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The View

'THE NSA DESERVES THE RESPECT ... OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. BUT IT SHOULD NEVER, EVER BE TRUSTED.' —PAGE 30

L.A.'s Star Apartments are part of a national effort to house the homeless, with very few strings attached

CITIES

The radically simple solution to homelessness

By Josh Sanburn

FOR DECADES, THE U.S. APPROACH TO fighting homelessness went something like this: treat issues first, offer housing later. It wouldn't be wise, the thinking went, to let people who were mentally ill or abusing drugs—common conditions among the homeless—into subsidized housing. Officials warned they would disrupt the community only to wind up back in shelters.

But by the 1990s, homelessness had risen to levels not seen since the Great Depression. The "issues first" approach was apparently not working.

Then, in 1992, Sam Tsemberis, a psychologist who for years worked with the homeless and mentally ill, decided to reverse its logic. He founded Pathways to Housing, a New York–based nonprofit that helped homeless people find housing first and tackle other issues later. "We made the assumption that housing would actually stabilize people," he recalls. Tsemberis soon discovered his hunch was right. Once people had housing, more often than not, they kept it.

Two decades and many success stories later, this approach, dubbed "housing first," is facing what may be its toughest challenge yet: curbing homelessness in America's biggest cities. In New York, a record-high 75,000 people are without permanent shelter, which aggravates myriad health, safety and budget issues. And despite spending millions on "treatment first" prevention, Chicago and Los Angeles are grappling with similar problems that have grown since the recession.

As a result, many cities are making

LOS ANGELES TIMES/POLARIS

PHOTOGRAPH BY IRFAN KHAN

the same pivot Tsemberis did. In L.A., where chronic homelessness—generally people who have been on the streets for a year or more—has grown by 55% since 2013, the city council on Feb. 9 approved a $1.85 billion plan that embraces a housing-first approach. In New York, the city and state have unveiled multibillion-dollar plans to build 35,000 units with social services built-in. Milwaukee, Honolulu, Philadelphia and others are utilizing similar strategies. "We are getting people off the street first, regardless of their circumstances," says L.A. Mayor Eric Garcetti.

For would-be residents, though, it's not as simple as being given a free home. There is an application process and often a wait list, which generally prioritizes those who have been homeless longest. Anyone who accepts a home can be subject to frequent check-ins by mental-health and substance-abuse counselors. But unlike more traditional subsidized-housing programs, residents are not required to be clean and sober before entering or even while they're being housed. They just can't engage in criminal activity, like selling drugs.

This doesn't sit well with housing-first critics, who say the programs reward bad behavior and allocate taxpayer money to efforts that might enable alcoholism and drug abuse. Some have also attacked housing first for not doing enough to address the other issues—like a lack of education and job training—that contribute to homelessness. And at a time when few cities and states are running a surplus, the programs are often seen as prohibitively expensive.

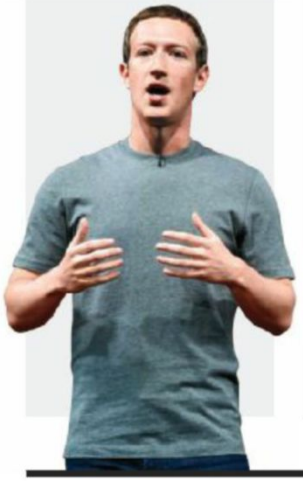
Still, housing first has shown tremendous promise. Over the past eight years, the total number of chronically homeless people in the U.S. has fallen 30%, from 120,000 in 2007 to 83,000 in 2015—largely because of the success of housing-first programs. In December 2013, Phoenix became the first U.S. city to end chronic homelessness among veterans, three years after adopting a housing-first policy. In Utah, another housing-first state, officials say the chronic homeless population has approached "functional zero," a feat that's also saving money. (It costs roughly $8,000 to move a chronically homeless person into permanent housing in Utah, compared with $20,000 for a year of temporary shelter.) Studies of pilot programs in New York, Seattle and L.A. show similar savings.

For those who stand to benefit, the effects can be life-changing. When Gwen White stepped into her housing-first apartment in 2010, "it was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen," recalls the 65-year-old Salt Lake City resident, who spent years living on the streets with her kids to escape an abusive relationship. "I was finally somewhere where nobody could hurt me." ◻

VERBATIM

'Humans are fundamentally social. So … if a technology doesn't actually help us socially understand each other better, it isn't going to catch on.'

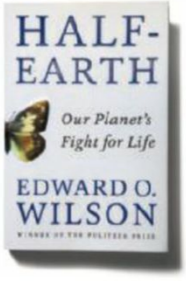
MARK ZUCKERBERG, Facebook CEO, arguing that virtual reality will make people feel more connected to the real world, not less



NUTSHELL

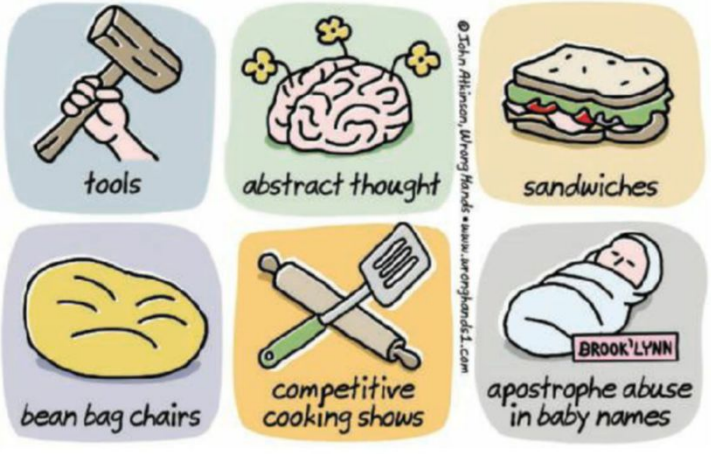
Half-Earth

EVERY YEAR, AN UNTOLD NUMBER OF species either die off or become endangered. This is mostly thanks to a mix of human-led factors that scientists call HIPPO—habitat destruction, invasive species, pollution, population growth and overhunting—and it may well have dire consequences for our species and our world at large. To buck this trend, Pulitzer Prize winner Edward O. Wilson suggests humans take a drastic measure: devote fully half of the earth's surface to nature reserves. This wouldn't mean abandoning entire continents, but it could mean asking people to consider selling or trading their land to create reserves large enough to support rich ecosystems. "As reserves grow in size," he explains, "the diversity of life surviving in them also grows." Of course, Wilson acknowledges, there are commendable conservation efforts already under way, and communities might be reluctant to make the sacrifice he suggests. But as "the mind and stewards of the living world," he writes, humans have a responsibility to "do no further harm to the biosphere." —SARAH BEGLEY



CHARTOON

What separates us from the other animals



JOHN ATKINSON, WRONG HANDS

SNAPSHOT

The sunken museum

To see this sculpture, you'll need a scuba mask—because it's in Europe's first underwater museum, Museo Atlantico, which opened March 2 off Lanzarote in the Canary Islands. The concept came from British artist Jason deCaires Taylor, whose 70 sculptures, including the refugee-focused *Raft of Lampedusa* (below), were installed for the museum's launch. Some proceeds from guided tours go toward local conservation efforts. "The idea is to engage people more with the underwater world," Taylor says. "We should be doing everything to protect it." *—Julie Shapiro*

QUICK TAKE

The upside of loneliness

By Olivia Laing

IN 1975, THE SOCIAL SCIENTIST ROBERT Weiss dubbed loneliness a disease "wholly without redeeming features." To some extent, this is true. Any lack of intimacy, closeness and connection is painful, and it can take its toll on the human body—driving up blood pressure, accelerating aging, weakening the immune system and even acting as a precursor to cognitive decline, according to research from the University of Chicago.

An evolutionary psychologist would explain these effects by arguing that we are social animals who suffer when deprived of contact. But there's another, more pervasive factor at play: shame. In a romance-fixated culture, loneliness means failure, and this social stigma in itself drives isolation.

But loneliness is a lot more common—and useful—than people think. Current studies suggest that more than a quarter of American adults experience loneliness, independent of race, education and ethnicity. For many, this triggers a state of hypervigilance, generating an intense alertness to the outside world.

This state has its benefits. A powerful desire to make contact can drive artistic creation; Edward Hopper and Franz Kafka, for example, routinely explored themes of loneliness. And for others, heightened sensitivity to the gaps and gulfs between people inculcates compassion, building empathy. Loneliness is not a rogue state, after all, but part of the rich fabric of our shared lives.

Laing is the author of The Lonely City: Adventures in the Art of Being Alone

POLL

DO KIDS *REALLY* GET ALONG WITH THEIR PARENTS?

TIME *for Kids* and KidsHealth.org recently surveyed hundreds of parents and more than 8,000 children ages 8 to 14 about the time they spend with each other. Here's some of what they found:

67%
Percentage of kids who say they get along very well or pretty well with their moms and dads, while 66% of parents say the same about their kids.

58%
Percentage of kids ages 12 to 14 who say they think their parents are proud of them—well below the 78% of parents who say they are proud of their kids.

85%
Percentage of kids who say they have fun with their parents, which jibes with the 84% of parents who say they have fun with their kids.

26%
Percentage of kids ages 8 to 11 who say they don't want to be like their parents. Among older kids, that figure jumps to 42%.

ZUCKERBERG: GETTY IMAGES; MUSEUM: JASON DECAIRES TAYLOR—CACT LANZAROTE;; ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN GEE FOR TIME

BUSINESS

Your longevity is good for business

By Dan Kadlec

GLOBAL BUSINESSES WOULDN'T THINK OF IGNORING China. Nearly all of the *Fortune* 500 companies have a presence there. Flooding into new markets makes sense, especially one with 1.4 billion people. So why aren't more businesses targeting people age 50-plus? This is a global market nearly the size of China, and it is entirely new in the sense that people this age have never before had so much spending power, staying power and ambition. "The problem is a total absence of imagination," says Joseph Coughlin, director of the MIT AgeLab, which studies longevity. "Marketers still present these years as filled with golf, cruises and a rocking chair."

That model of later life may be dated, but it's a struggle to fully understand what is replacing it. Here's the way experts on aging describe it: People past 50 control 70% of the nation's disposable income. If they aren't working, they may be volunteering, starting a small business or nonprofit, or taking enrichment classes. Many remain socially active and want to look and feel great—and will spend to get that experience. "The next generation of retirees expects to go out in fashion and with style," says Coughlin.

Businesses that understand how to deliver this experience will mint profits over the next few decades. Those that see the opportunities of longevity purely in terms of medicine and travel "miss the true panorama of what is coming," says Ken Dychtwald, CEO of Age Wave, a consultancy that studies boomers. "Big marketing opportunities are hiding in plain sight."

Dychtwald sees a retirement-age population that moves or remodels their homes a couple more times, flocks to designer labels that flatter their reshaped bodies, frequents restaurants with menus that feature anchovies and blue cheese and other strong flavors that break through faltering taste buds, and eats nutritionally sound bedtime snacks engineered to help them sleep better. They make hits of movies that tell a moving story rather than pile on special effects.

Some companies are already seizing the moment. Paul Hogan and his wife founded Home Instead Senior Care two decades ago, and he now runs the $1.5 billion enterprise with 1,000 locations in 17 countries. Home Instead offers seniors companionship, meal preparation, light housework, medicine reminders and other personal services. "The senior population is a great market," Hogan says. "Just find out what they need."

Bank of America Merrill Lynch a few years ago reoriented its wealth-management business around the evolving priorities of retirees with a long runway. The bank hired a financial gerontologist and last year put the first wave of financial advisers through a 12-hour online program directed by the University of Southern California Leonard Davis School of Gerontology. "We want them to understand the physical, cognitive and emotional challenges people are going through," says Andrew Sieg, head of global wealth and retirement solutions at Bank of America Merrill Lynch. While the effort is new, Sieg says it helped push the bank's trust and retirement businesses to record results last year.

Nestlé is pioneering a marketing strategy around skin care, banking on millions of longer-living customers' wanting products like its Cetaphil lotion to reduce redness and itching. Such products had a relatively small market only a few years ago but now have "unlimited potential," says Peter Nicholson, vice president of business development at Nestlé Skin Health. Internal studies show that elders with healthy skin are more confident, he says, adding that he sees an opportunity to market Cetaphil to young people too as they understand that they may live to 100 and can take measures to have better skin later on.

"We are barely scratching the surface of the business opportunities out there," says Michael Hodin, CEO of the Global Coalition on Aging, which seeks market solutions for problems flowing from an aging population. In a report last year, McKinsey called longevity one of four megatrends reshaping the world. "Everything has to be put through the lens of longevity," says Hodin. But the number of companies screening their business plan this way is "infinitesimal."

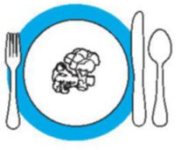
The longevity screen is about not just what you can sell to seniors but also how you can attract them to your workforce. About 60% of the world's population is in countries with fertility rates below the replacement rate, McKinsey notes, pointing up the likelihood of a shrinking labor force. We're already running low on farmers, nurses, engineers, air-traffic controllers, skilled laborers in areas like mechanics and welding, and even doctors.

Companies with flexible job schedules and a supportive culture will have a leg up. Hodin's group promotes a set of age-friendly business principles: age-neutral hiring and promoting, lifelong learning opportunities, health and pension contributions, financial-wellness programs, promoting active lifestyles and honoring employee caregiver responsibilities. "Addressing these is how you win in today's market," he says.

That assumes you are creating products and services for people past 80. "Longevity," says AgeLab's Coughlin, "will be one of the greatest drivers of innovation the next 100 years." □

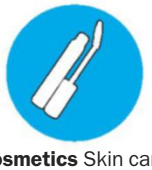
GROWTH MARKETS

Clothes New brands may focus on catering to elders' changing figures



Food Restaurants with bolder flavors and snacks with health benefits

Movies Films for the aged will focus on story over blockbuster special effects



Cosmetics Skin care, for one, is expected to grow as people try to cope with age

Housework In-home services from cleaning to meal prep

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New ways to improve well-being at work

By Mandy Oaklander

TALLYING UP SICK DAYS ISN'T THE ONLY WAY TO TELL HOW SOMEONE AT WORK IS FARING. A RECENT ANALYSIS of American workers found that despite the rise of corporate wellness programs, disengagement at the office costs the U.S. $550 billion each year, and work-related stress tacks on an additional $300 billion. But new studies are turning up surprising strategies that improve both well-being and productivity. For starters, people are happier and more engaged when they accept that work is the pits sometimes, a recent study suggests. Another tack: find ways to detach. "If your goal is feeling better, you need to get your head out of work," says Reb Rebele, a researcher with Wharton People Analytics at the University of Pennsylvania. Experts recommend these evidence-based tricks for reducing stress on the job. (And don't worry: "Learn to meditate at your desk" isn't on the list.)

Do someone a 5-minute favor

Volunteering helps people connect to others, which aids in recovering from stress. You can do the same thing at work by, say, getting a cup of coffee for someone who's having a bad day. Spot a need, and for five minutes, be the one to fill it.

Play with a puppy

Beg your boss, if necessary: one study showed that when employees brought their dogs to work, they felt less stressed and were just as productive as they were on canine-free days.

Hide your phone

Even if you're not using it, simply being able to see a cell phone hinders your ability to focus on tough tasks, a pair of 2014 studies found. The mere presence of a phone also made people trust and like each other less than if it weren't present, according to other research.

Take a break before lunch

People who take breaks in the morning feel more restored and less emotionally exhausted than people who take breaks in the afternoon, a 2016 study found. Morning breakers were more likely to say they were satisfied with their jobs too.

Let yourself procrastinate

In one study, a researcher gave people a task and let some of them play five minutes of *Minesweeper*. Those who did generated ideas considerably more creative than those who got right to the task. Their minds were likely chewing away at the problem in the background.

Disappear for a bit

Take a 10-minute walk daily—it helps to put it on your calendar—and don't ruminate about work while you're gone, Rebele advises. Instead, listen to a podcast, make a phone call, do a walking meditation or bring a friend to talk about something non-work-related *(see right)*.

Gossip with your co-workers

"Social time is really valuable, even for introverts," Rebele says. But to truly detach—and reap the productivity and wellness benefits of a solid break—you have to keep the conversation office-free.

End the day like you mean it

A 2016 study found that if people think they should be reachable after work, they feel less in control and have more of the stress hormone cortisol. Meanwhile, another study shows that as long as your work gets done, putting in more hours doesn't make you a better worker in your boss's eyes.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BROWN BIRD DESIGN FOR TIME

SOURCES: GLOBAL WELLNESS INSTITUTE; JOURNAL OF OCCUPATIONAL HEALTH PSYCHOLOGY; SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY; INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF WORKPLACE HEALTH MANAGEMENT; JOURNAL OF APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY; ORIGINALS BY ADAM GRANT; HARVARD BUSINESS REVIEW

The inside story of the five guys who set out to reform the NSA

By Fred Kaplan

ON FRIDAY, AUG. 9, 2013, AT 3 IN THE AFTERNOON, president Barack Obama held a press conference. Two months earlier, Edward Snowden, a contractor with the National Security Agency, had leaked tens of thousands of highly classified documents, revealing that the NSA was intercepting phone calls and emails of millions of Americans, in apparent violation of the law. Citizens were outraged, and software executives were worried that they'd lose customers on suspicion that the NSA was hacking their products. The damage had to be contained, the trust restored. So Obama did what many of his predecessors had done in a crisis—he announced he was appointing a blue-ribbon commission.

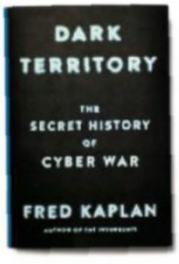
He had already chosen its five members. Michael Morell, the Establishment pick, was a 33-year veteran of the CIA who'd retired two months earlier as the agency's deputy director. Cass Sunstein, a constitutional lawyer, had worked on Obama's presidential campaign, served for three years as head of his regulatory office and was married to his U.N. ambassador, Samantha Power. Geoffrey Stone, a law professor and civil libertarian, had been dean of the University of Chicago Law School when Obama taught there in the 1990s. Peter Swire, a law professor at the Georgia Institute of Technology and an aide to President Bill Clinton, had written a landmark essay on surveillance law. Richard Clarke, the White House chief of counterterrorism and cyberpolicy under Clinton and George W. Bush, had resigned in protest over the 2003 Iraq invasion and soon after gained fame by testifying to the 9/11 commission that Bush had ignored warnings of an impending al-Qaeda attack.

> 'I found, to my surprise, that the NSA deserves the respect and appreciation of the American people. But it should never, ever be trusted.'
>
> **GEOFFREY STONE**, a member of Obama's review panel, to an audience of NSA employees

Obama gave the group a Dec. 15 deadline and assured them access to everything they needed. He didn't want a legal analysis. Assume, he said, that we can do this surveillance; your job is to tell me if it should be our policy to do it and, if not, to come up with something better.

THROUGH THE NEXT FOUR MONTHS, the group met at least two days a week, sometimes as many as four, interviewing officials, reading documents, discussing the implications.

On their first day of business, Aug. 28, they journeyed to NSA headquarters in Fort Meade, Maryland. Upon arrival, they were led to a conference room and greeted by a half-dozen NSA officials, including the director, General Keith Alexander, and his deputy, Chris Inglis. Alexander came and went periodically. Inglis started the meeting with the most controversial Snowden leak: the bulk collection of telephone "metadata," as authorized by Section 215 of the Patriot Act. In some accounts, the NSA was said to be monitoring all phone calls inside the U.S.—not the conversations, but the phone numbers of those talking and the dates, times and durations of the calls, which conveyed plenty of information.



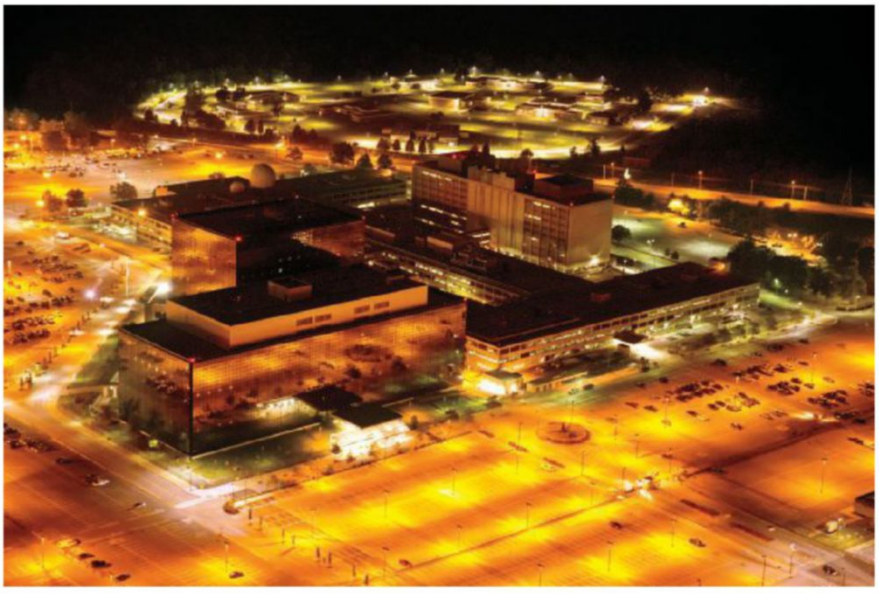
Kaplan examines national security, cyberespionage and the nature of war in the digital age

In fact, Inglis told the group, this was not how the program worked. Court rulings allowed the NSA to search through metadata only for the purpose of finding associates of al-Qaeda and two other foreign terrorist organizations. If the metadata revealed that an American had called a suspected terrorist's number, just 22 people in the entire NSA could request and examine more data. The group asked how many times the NSA had done that and how many terrorist plots were disrupted as a result. One of the officials had the numbers: in 2012, the NSA examined calls to and from 288 phone numbers, which prompted 12 tips to the FBI. How many of those tips uncovered terrorists? The answer was zero. None of the tips led anywhere.

Stone was floored. "Uh, hello?" he thought. "What are we doing here?" Clarke asked out loud why the program still existed. Inglis replied that the phone companies routinely collected metadata as "business records"; why not utilize a potentially useful tool?

INGLIS MOVED ON to what he considered the most damaging Snowden leak: the PRISM program, in which the NSA and FBI tapped into the central servers of nine leading U.S. Internet companies—including Microsoft, Apple, Google and Facebook—extracting email, documents, photos, audio and video files and connection logs. Alexander claimed, at the time of Snowden's first leaks, that PRISM had helped disrupt 54 terrorist attacks, a number that Inglis now repeated.

Yes, PRISM also scooped up Americans' email and calls, he said, but this was a by-product of the technology. Digital communications travel in packets, which break into pieces and zip along the most efficient paths before reassembling at their destination. Because so much



The commission had access to the NSA's sprawling complex in Fort Meade, Maryland

global bandwidth is concentrated in the U.S., pieces of almost every email and cellular conversation worldwide flow, at some point, through U.S.-based fiber-optics cable. If a terrorist in Pakistan was talking with another in Sudan, there was no need to place a listening post in hostile territory. The NSA could just hack into the strand of cable on American soil and hop on. For this reason, an amendment to the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act allowed the government to conduct electronic surveillance inside the U.S., as long as the targets were "reasonably believed" to be on foreign soil. The obvious question: What did "reasonably believed" mean? And how did the NSA make that assessment?

At the first meeting, the commission's briefers recited a list of "selectors"—keyword searches and other signs—that indicated possible "foreignness." As more selectors were checked, the likelihood increased. The intercept could legally begin once there was a 52% chance that both parties were abroad. To some of the visitors, this seemed an iffy calculation and a low bar. The briefers conceded the point. Therefore, they went on, if it turned out that the parties were inside the U.S., the operators had to shut down the intercept and destroy all its data.

Over the next few months, as the group and its staff reviewed stacks of highly classified records, they concluded that most of that initial briefing's claims were true: PRISM did help stop 53 terrorist plots (not 54, but close enough)—and metadata had no effect whatever. The commissioners were split on metadata: Clarke, Stone and Swire wanted to kill the program; Morell and Sunstein bought the argument that even if it hadn't stopped any plots yet, it might in the future.

Then, during another meeting at Fort Meade, Alexander told the group he could live with an arrangement where the telecom companies held on to the metadata, with the NSA granted access only to specified files through a court order. This settled the debate. If Alexander was fine with storing metadata outside Fort Meade, the commissioners were too. (Ironically, Republicans later objected that this plan would eviscerate NSA capabilities, unaware that it had been conceived by the NSA director.)

THE DISPUTE HAD SPARKED one of the few fits of rancor among the members of Obama's commission. Given their disparate backgrounds and politics, they'd expected to be at one another's throats. From early on, though, the atmosphere was harmonious, flush with an esprit de corps of the first outsiders to probe these issues on behalf of the President. As the air lightened from cordial to jolly, they started calling themselves "the five guys," after the name of a local hamburger joint, and referring to the big book they'd soon be writing as "The Five Guys Report."

On Dec. 13, they handed in the report. Their language was forthright in ways bound to irritate all sides of the debate. They found "no evidence of illegality or other abuse of authority," but there was "the lurking danger of abuse"—"the risk, in light of the lessons of our own history, that at some point in the future, high-level government officials will decide that this massive database of extraordinarily sensitive private information is there for the plucking."

On Jan. 17, 2014, Obama announced a set of NSA reforms. He rejected some of the report's suggestions but accepted many others, including the one to remove metadata from Fort Meade. Congress went on to pass a bill approving the changes.

ON MARCH 31, Stone gave a speech at Fort Meade, reflecting on his work with the group. He began by noting that he'd approached the NSA with skepticism but was quickly impressed by its "high degree of integrity" and "deep commitment to the rule of law." The agency made mistakes, he said, but didn't commit deliberate crimes. It wasn't rogue; it was doing what its political masters wanted and what the courts allowed.

"To be clear," he emphasized, in a sharp turn, "I am not saying that citizens should trust the NSA." The agency needed to be held up to "constant and rigorous review." Its work was "important to the safety of the nation" but, by its nature, posed "grave dangers" to democratic values.

"I found, to my surprise, that the NSA deserves the respect and appreciation of the American people," Stone concluded, "but it should never, ever be trusted."

This article is excerpted from Dark Territory: The Secret History of Cyber War *© Fred Kaplan. Visit time.com/darkterritory to read more on the "five guys" and their findings.*

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IN THE ARENA

What a year of racial strife has taught Bernie and Hillary

By Joe Klein

IN THE PAST YEAR, THE AFRICAN-AMERICAN COMMUNITY has sent the nation a powerful message about how to react to violence—and the difference between Hillary Clinton and Bernie Sanders can be found in how each received that message. Clinton's response is especially important because it is different from the way she reacts to most things. It is emotional rather than policy-oriented. It is about suffering more than grievance. It floats on the deep rivers of pain and forgiveness in the black community. In her South Carolina victory speech—one of her best this year—she cited an African Methodist Episcopal reverend who had asked, "'How, how are we ever going to strengthen the bonds of family and community again?' Well, we're going to start by working together with more love and kindness in our hearts and more respect for each other, even when we disagree."

By contrast, Sanders—who has run an admirably substantive campaign—has reacted the way white left-liberals too often do: by embracing grievance as the sole, defining reality of the black community. Confronted early on by Black Lives Matter activists, Sanders quickly adopted their anger—but nothing more. The references to African Americans in his speeches are limited to well-known problems: unemployment and incarceration. This has appealed to the familiar class of showbiz socialists and hipster academics who've endorsed him: Cornel West, Spike Lee, Killer Mike. But it lacks the music of the black church, ignores the pride in the community over its relatively high college-graduation rates, especially among black women—and, above all, the amazing grace displayed by the families of the Charleston church shooting victims.

THIS IS A PROBLEM that ideologues have. They see the world theoretically. Sanders, it can now be said, is the most successful leftist candidate since the socialist Eugene V. Debs, perhaps the most successful in American history. But that's still not very successful. His sense of the world was confirmed in the idyllic latte lands of Vermont, far from the inner cities. His theories have some basis in fact—especially his theories about the aggrandizement of the financial sector over the past 40 years—but they are simpler than real life.

Sanders posits a binary system of oppressors (billionaires) and the oppressed (the rest of us). There is no room in his world—and certainly none in his speeches—for the small-businesspeople who create most of our jobs and anchor our communities. He has nothing to say about the tide of federal regulations that have made their lives more difficult. The only jobs he discusses are those that can be created by government—infrastructure jobs, more teachers, more early-childhood caregivers. And while a 21st century infrastructure is important, it can't be created without the prosperity that free enterprise brings. Needless to say, he never talks about government's ability to deliver on his promises—about the inherent inefficiencies of unaccountable public monopolies. As a former chair of the Senate Veterans' Affairs Committee, he is as responsible for the VA mess as anyone. (In fairness, Clinton is also clueless about how to fix corroded federal bureaucracies—or pretends to be.)

Sanders' devoted legions—who, rightly, see an honest man, free from the pretenses of politics—have affixed a lovable curmudgeon persona onto a curmudgeon who isn't so lovable. Sanders' speeches are free of anecdote. He rarely tells stories about individuals he's met along the way. The closest thing to an "individual" in his standard stump is Goldman Sachs, the investment bank, which has gotten away with something approaching murder in the wake of the housing collapse. His usual speech is about twice as long as most stumps—filled with facts and suppositions but not much humor or humanity.

There is also the problem of "rights" that Sanders claims for the people—health care is a right, not a privilege; free college education is a right—but these rights are granted without demanding any reciprocal responsibilities. Surely, if we're going to give middle-class kids a four-year college education, they owe something in return—some form of service, perhaps—and if we are going to give unwed mothers food stamps and housing and day care, they owe us some standard of civic responsibility too.

CLINTON DOESN'T TALK very much about responsibility either, but unlike Sanders, she has come to see that the most important transactions in a democracy aren't exclusively financial. Her dependence on the black church—the single most important institution in her quest for the nomination—has softened her. She has been made humble in the face of its glory. □

TWO LENSES

Sanders sees race through an economic prism: "It makes sense to create jobs and educational opportunities for these young [African American] people, rather than more and more incarceration."

Clinton has focused on the personal, asking whites to "talk about the seen and unseen barriers" for blacks and "practice humility, rather than assume that our experiences are everyone's experiences."

SANDERS: REUTERS; CLINTON: GETTY IMAGES

On the eve of Super Tuesday, Trump works a rope line in Georgia, where he would go on to win 40% of the vote

CAMPAIGN ★ 2016

DESTINATIO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JABIN BOTSFORD

N UNKNOWN

As Donald Trump piles up GOP delegates, the nation braces for a very difficult 2016

By David Von Drehle

ABOARD TRUMP FORCE ONE, THE impresario of Campaign 2016 is still buzzed from his midday jolt of adulation. Donald J. Trump's Super Tuesday bandwagon had thundered into southwestern Virginia, where some 4,000 people crammed into a university gymnasium to hear his free-jazz speech, brief themes unspooling into loose improvisations. An even larger crowd waited in vain for admission, content to listen to Trump's voice emerge from speakers placed outside.

A Trump rally speaks to people on a level beyond pure rationality. His sentences don't always parse, but they punch. The impresario drew cheers by promising jobs, denouncing foreigners and sneering at federal bureaucrats—even though a good number of the actual jobs in the region are found at the Swedish-based, Chinese-owned Volvo truck factory and a federal munitions plant. This was a performance, not a seminar; no other candidate would end his appearances with this outsize gesture: a full-blast recording of Luciano Pavarotti singing "Nessun Dorma." ("Vincerò!" cries the tenor as the aria climaxes with a roll of timpani. Translation: "I will win!")

Even louder were the cheers when Trump roared "Get 'em outta here!" to summon his security team after protests erupted. The crowd had seemed quite mild just before, and just after, these Orwellian minutes of hate. But the delight in the clash, and the frisson of implied violence, was unmistakable. The same gladiatorial mojo that powers football, war movies, professional wrestling and *Judge Judy* Trump transposes into a political key. He meets veteran pols nearly every day who tell him they've never seen anything like his rallies—the crowds are so huge and rapt. Trump calls it love. "There is so much love in those stadiums," he says. Whatever it is, this performance art of hate-love, of giddy anger, explains why he improvises his speeches. It's more work than reading a script, Trump says, but doing so allows him to give and take with the audience, to lose himself in the moment, orchestrating emotions like a maestro.

Now, an hour later onboard his private jet, he slumps his 6 ft. 3 in. frame—it irritates him that so many sources say 6 ft. 2 in.—into a wide chair covered in soft white leather embossed with an aristocratic crest. Ignoring the gold-plated seat belt, Trump eyes his beautifully burled and varnished desk heaped with paper—documents, clippings, photographs, who knows? An even larger mountain of paper is on the seat next to his. Trump plucks a sheet as if at random, briefly examines it, then tosses it back on the pile. "I come from these rallies and get in here, and they want me to look at documents. I can't do it," he says. "How do you go from talking to thousands of people, all the love in those rallies, and then quietly sit here and look at documents?"

Trump eats waffle fries from a fast-food carton as he talks. He doesn't notice that the Boeing 757—"One of the great airplanes of the world," he says—has begun to taxi. Suddenly, the pilot accelerates for takeoff. The mountain of paper shifts on the gleaming desk and starts to slide, bearing the half-eaten carton of fries on top. Trump throws himself forward with arms spread wide, trying to stem the calamity, but Newtonian physics resists his spell, and the whole business comes crashing down on him.

"Oh, sheesh," Trump mutters, picking fries from his tailored suit and brushing his bright pink tie.

And isn't that a picture of the political scene in today's United States? This jet-powered and flashy dynamic force, this unexpected thrust from ambition's engine, has toppled an inert mass of bland convention and dumped everything into Donald Trump's lap? It's not what the authors of the *Federalist* papers had in mind. And it should unsettle anyone with a passing knowledge of personality cults and their catastrophic effects from Beijing to Buenos Aires during the past century. But after Trump's performance on Super Tuesday, winning seven of the 11 states that went to the polls, the once wide-open story of 2016 has narrowed to a single protagonist. This election now revolves around Donald Trump.

Can the Republican Party survive him? Can Texas Senator Ted Cruz—or any other Republican—stop him? Can Hillary Clinton, whose own Super Tuesday victories over Vermont Senator Bernie Sanders virtually assured her the Democratic crown, defeat him? For that matter, is the U.S. the sort of country that could elect him? What does that tell Americans about themselves?

Every step into the unknown is a test of character. Some are taken with hope, and some with the sober preparedness of

The GOP front runner waves to supporters after a late-February event in Millington, Tenn.

THE WASHINGTON POST/GETTY IMAGES (2)

a Boy Scout. The Trump flirtation is not like that. It feels impulsive, even rash: since when do we hire Presidents from the tabloids, Twitter and reality TV? Trumpism is rooted in anxiety over lost American greatness—which, despite the anxiety, may not even be lost. It wallows in a sense that the country is adrift in seas plied by cunning foreign adversaries. It is a roll of the dice in a garish casino—exactly the kind of bet that has been very, very good to Trump in the past.

The plane levels off. Trump picks up a few of the fallen papers, but his attention is quickly diverted. Something more interesting has caught his eye: himself. The satellite antenna has connected with the chattering ether, and the wide-screen TV monitor across the cabin has come to life. It calls to him with a relentless cadence of Trump, Trump, Trump.

MAN IN THE MIRROR

THERE IS A GOLD-UPHOLSTERED SOFA in front of the TV. Trump walks over and perches at the end, takes up the remote and begins toggling from one all-news station to another. What happens next is simply remarkable. For the entire hour-long flight from Virginia to southern Georgia, nearly every minute of every broadcast is focused exclusively on him. Sure, he's rich, but still: this guy, this slightly beefy dealmaker from an outer New York City borough with a head for numbers and the gift of gab, is the only news in the world? This guy, of all people, the beauty-pageant promoter, Mr. Luxury Condo, is living a scene from a James Bond movie. Blazing through the Carolina blue sky inside his personal flying penthouse, he watches as, far below, the planet babbles heatedly about him. Even when the screen shows a rival candidate or the leader of a foreign country, it's only in the context of the man in the sky. The latest insult Marco Rubio is trying on Trump. Vladimir Putin's thoughts on Trump. The Pope, as seen by Trump.

When he flips to Fox News, Trump notices a caption that sums up everything: "News outlets around the world are covering Trump." Turning to me on

the sofa, he gestures at the screen and remarks with satisfaction, "The key word is *covering*."

So much exposure comes at a price. As he watches, Trump maintains a quiet but constant critique of "dishonest" and "inaccurate" statements. He would like to "open up the laws" on libel to protect people like himself, he says—but adds with a shrug, "I don't know exactly what it means to do that, or exactly how it works." Nor does he care, because what matters more than accuracy is the sheer fact of being covered. Own the airwaves, own the campaign, run the world. To be certain that I've grasped this point, he expands on the theme:

"You see what this is, right? It's ratings. I go on one of these shows and the ratings double. They triple. And that gives you power. It's not the polls. It's the ratings."

The Tao of Trump: ratings are power. Not just TV ratings, but also "the new ratings," as he calls them: Facebook likes, Google searches, Twitter mentions and Instagram follows. Before a person can become President, he or she must become famous, and fame can be quantified. (Of all the photographs ever taken of Trump, the one he hands me as soon as we board his jet shows him with the late Michael Jackson—a nuclear meltdown of fame.) This lesson goes back to John F. Kennedy and the first TV campaign, and no one has taken it more firmly to heart than Trump.

From the day he declared his candidacy and promised to build a wall along the southern border, Trump has leveraged his fame to set the terms of the race. He framed his own image: bold to the point of recklessness, speaker of the unspoken, fearless, iconoclastic, mad as hell. One by one, he took the measure of his opponents and framed coffins to fit them. He perfected death-by-nickname. Judging the baby-faced junior Senator from Florida to be short of gravitas, Trump dubbed him "little Marco Rubio, the lightweight." Sensing shiftiness in Texas Senator Cruz, he coined the name Lying Ted.

Sometimes, he admits, a nickname misfires. "You have one that you think will be defining, but it's not," he says. "The really amazing one—he was dead as soon as I said it; he never recovered—was 'low-energy individual.'" That was Trump's lethal epithet for former Florida governor Jeb Bush.

By Super Tuesday, Bush was gone from the race, while Rubio and Cruz were parroting Trump's rhetoric while scrambling to stay alive. Cruz's once bold talk of sweeping the South had dwindled to a home-state win in Texas and narrow victories in Oklahoma and Alaska. Trump finished second in each. Rubio won in Minnesota—which, in GOP politics, is like driving the fastest Prius at Daytona.

The TV recaptures his attention. A host on the wide-screen is recounting a barrage of insults that flew between Rubio and Trump. I ask what he tells his son Barron, 9, about this schoolyard taunting. "It's just part of the deal," he says with a shrug. But do you teach him to do that in his life? I ask. What if he comes to you and says someone at school called him a name? Another shrug. "I didn't start it."

Still, with the news shows endlessly mulling long-shot strategies for denying him the nomination, the airborne Trump seems reluctant to court a jinx by discussing the general election. He wants to talk about it but thinks maybe he shouldn't. Which means he will talk about it, soon enough.

But first: What about those stop-Trump schemes? Tim Miller, a Bush spokesman turned resistance fighter, made like Braveheart on Super Tuesday. "The fight to stop Donald Trump from getting the nomination is intensifying regardless of tonight's outcome," he declared. Cruz suggested it was time for Trump's other rivals to drop out and let him go mano a mano. Not likely, though alchemy could turn Rubio's collection of second- and third-place ribbons into a winner's trophy. Ohio Governor John Kasich essentially took a pass on the biggest day of the campaign so far. Republican insiders spoke vaguely of siphoning delegates from Trump and throwing the race into the chaos of a brokered convention.

Others are likely to join New Jersey Governor Chris Christie and Alabama Senator Jeff Sessions in giving Trump their endorsements. Either way, Trump professes to be unworried. He sees plenty of chances to win delegates—including the little-noticed "Trump Country" primaries (as his staff calls them) in the Acela corridor of the East Coast on April 26. His fate is within his grasp, just as he likes it. "I have always been a winner," he says. "If we have the delegates at the convention, there is nothing they can do about it."

CAN HE BEAT HER?

AND YES, HE TALKS ABOUT THE GENERAL election. Clinton "says she wants to run against me. Listen: I am the last person on earth she wants to run against." That is Trump's take, and there is truth in both halves of the statement.

Close allies of Clinton believe that Trump's big mouth makes him a deliciously vulnerable target. Stephanie Schriock, president of the feminist PAC known as Emily's List, says, "For decades, he has been making misogynistic statements, and I think we're going to find—and see—more. He's talked about women in a whole variety of awful ways, saying things like 'bimbos,' or 'she's fat.' If you can think of any awful thing that you can say with regard to a woman, it has probably been said by him."

Democrats have been stockpiling research and conducting polls on Trump since last summer, according to sources, and they are studying Cruz and Rubio as the Republican rivals test-drive attacks ranging from the size of Trump's hands to the mysteries of his unreleased tax returns. They promise a long barrage of attack ads and negative messages in summer and fall, bristling with Trump's most inflammatory moments, in hopes of motivating Democrats to go to the polls. Meanwhile, Clinton will float above the carnage, they predict, inviting independent women and even Republicans to join her bid for history. Veteran pollster Stan Greenberg, an adviser to a number of

He has boiled the entire election down to that fear in the pit of millions of stomachs that globalization is a rigged game in which Americans are the marks

Clinton allies acknowledge he is a force like no other: an utterly unpredictable candidate who has judo-flipped the entire political apparatus

past Democratic nominees, sees as many as 20% of GOP voters potentially defecting from Trump if he is the nominee. "It's mind-boggling," he says of Clinton's chance to swing moderate Republicans in a general election against Trump.

Buffy Wicks, another key Clinton supporter, adds Hispanics and African Americans to the list. "If you look at the 1980 election, the nonwhite vote was 12%," Wicks says. "It's now 28%, and it's only growing." Trump's eagerness to be inflammatory on issues like deporting Mexicans and creating a registry for Muslims will drive that number higher, she predicts.

But some of these same Clinton allies also see why Trump is unusually dangerous for Clinton. He is, they acknowledge, a force like no other: an utterly unpredictable candidate who has judo-flipped the entire political apparatus. He has locked the old gatekeepers—the media, the donors and the strategists—on the wrong side of the fence, and now he answers to no one and plots his own course. A thrice-married New Yorker with a raft of Democratic pals would seem doomed to fail as a right-wing Republican, yet Trump is drawing votes to the GOP in record numbers. "What I am doing is, I am making the Republican Party much bigger," Trump tells me, and a candidate who can do that is, by definition, a profound threat to the Clinton campaign. "Trump has thrown out the rules," says David Brock, founder of the pro-Clinton PAC Correct the Record. "What I've been concerned about is his ability to dominate the news cycle and shape it. He is totally on offense, 24/7." This gives Trump "the potential to scramble the electoral map."

Which is exactly how Trump sees it too. Republican turnout in the primaries so far is shattering records, a trend that is likely to continue. And he puts some states in play in November that Democrats have long taken for granted. The conservative sage of one of Trump's favorite journals—the tabloid New York *Post*—captured his thinking in a recent column. "You know who Fred Dicker is, right?" he asks me. "Fred Dicker said I have a very good chance of winning New York, and that changes the whole ballgame. Those are my people. I know them, they know me." A generation has passed since Ronald Reagan won the Empire State, being the last Republican to do so. To put it back in contention would completely upend the Electoral College map that Democrats have painstakingly assembled over the past three decades.

And not just New York, Trump continues. "Michigan," he says. He believes he can win white working-class voters of the industrial Midwest, whose fading fortunes in the global economy have broken their once reliable ties to the pro-union Democrats. "They used to call them the Reagan Democrats," Trump remarks. "They'll be coming over to me."

Next: Virginia, a swing state vital to any Republican strategy. Trump's visit to southwestern Virginia featured a full-throated promise to revive the region's coal industry. "I plan to win Virginia too." Add Pennsylvania to his list. Don't forget New Jersey. And of course, the decisive states of Ohio and Florida. "I will win states where Republicans don't even go to campaign."

Ask how he will do it—and how he will keep his promise to win over large numbers of Hispanic and African-American and female voters who otherwise recoil from his rhetorical brawling—and Trump answers in a single word: "Jobs." He has boiled the entire election down to that fear in the pit of millions of stomachs that globalization is a rigged game in which Americans of all colors and genders are the marks. Their jobs, their futures, are bleeding away to "Mexico, China, India, Vietnam, Thailand"—Trump ticks through the list at his rallies. Being a man who understands such matters, Trump says, he knows how to fix the problem. Let Clinton, whose partnership at the top of the Democratic Party has spanned the globalization era, answer that.

You can be sure, as well, he'll be throwing punches of his own. Trump likes to speculate that Clinton's candidacy won't survive to see November. What if "Hillary can't run because she's indicted?" he wonders. "Right now, she's protected by the President, probably." But should Trump win the White House, "naturally you'd have your own people take a look at how [Clinton's email imbroglio] was handled." A new Justice Department team might reopen the matter, he implies, "so she is literally fighting for her life" in her effort to beat Trump.

THE WILD CARD

FAME IS LIKE TINTED GLASS ON A passing limo: it shields more than it reveals. Fame reflects our own images back at us—what we desire, what we fear, what we thrill to. You can study celebrities every day, watch every YouTube video, read every tweet and Facebook post, and still wonder: What are they really like? And your answer will always say as much about you as it does about them.

As Donald Trump soars above the political landscape and listens to the cacophony he has stirred, even he is struck by how little people seem to understand him. "I am a uniter," he likes to say, who wants nothing more than "to make America great again." But his road to unity does not follow a straight line. "I love the Chinese," says Trump as he bashes China. "I love the Mexicans," he says, while promising to wall them out and make them pay for it. It's all part of the negotiation. He's just making the sale.

Trump's astonishing rise to the top of the political world may end this year, or it may only be starting. No one has figured out how to stop him yet. Either way, he has already succeeded in making this presidential election into a referendum on him. Not the parties. Not conservative or liberal principles. It's Trump, yes or no: the man behind the tinted glass.

Untethered from party or philosophy or even history ("I was never big into the world of heroes," he sniffs), Trump offers America the Ultimate Deal. "I am the most successful person ever to run for President," he tells me. "I built an incredible business. But I also created, in *The Apprentice,* one of the most successful shows in television history. I've written 12 books, most of them best sellers. *The Art of the Deal* is the No. 1 best-selling business book of all time."

It comes down to a salesman's classic pitch: Trump me. Over the coming months, Americans will swallow hard and give their reply. —*With reporting from* SAM FRIZELL, JAY NEWTON-SMALL *and* ZEKE J. MILLER/WASHINGTON

PHOTOGRAPH BY SETH POPPEL/YEARBOOK LIBRARY

CAMPAIGN ★ 2016

TRIBAL WARRIOR

How does Donald Trump win? Divide and conquer

By Alex Altman

IN THE ANNALS OF CONGRESSIONAL testimony, very few people have delivered a performance like the one Donald J. Trump gave more than 20 years ago.

On Oct. 5, 1993, Trump showed up at an obscure subcommittee hearing on Indian gaming regulation. The Mashantucket Pequot, a tribe of about 300, had just opened one of the nation's largest casinos in the woodlands of southeastern Connecticut, siphoning customers away from Trump's Atlantic City, N.J., casinos. Trump wanted to warn the nation's lawmakers about why his competitors threatened them too.

Setting aside what he called his "politically correct" prepared remarks, Trump told the room that the Pequot were not real Native Americans. "They don't look like Indians to me," he said. "They don't look like Indians to Indians." He also took a contradictory position: Organized crime was rampant on tribal land, and Native Americans like the Pequot weren't strong enough to stop it. "It will be the biggest scandal ever," Trump predicted. "An Indian chief is going to tell Joey Killer to please get off his reservation?"

Up on the dais, congressmen were aghast. Trump had offered no evidence. Federal law-enforcement witnesses flatly dismissed the claims. "Everyone was appalled," recalls John Lawrence, a longtime Democratic aide present for the spectacle. "In hindsight, it was a dramatic foreshadowing of his willingness to use this kind of sweeping, accusatory rhetoric to indict a whole group of people."

A generation later, the same tactics have carried Trump to the cusp of the Republican presidential nomination. On the campaign trail, he leans on stereotypes to explain the world, in ways both inflammatory and complimentary. Persians are "great negotiators." Hispanics are "incredible workers." Mexicans illegally crossing the Southern border are "criminals" and "rapists." After the terrorist attacks in San Bernardino, he proposed a blanket ban on immigration by Muslims, not just those with radical Islamic ties.

Trump isn't winning in spite of such statements; he's winning because of them. Eight years after Barack Obama campaigned to repair the rift between red and blue states, America is more divided than ever, a tangle of tribes split by class, creed, religion and race. On the left, Bernie Sanders blasts greedy billionaires. On the right, Ted Cruz appears in campaign ads slathered with war paint in a backwoods duck blind, as Phil Robertson, the patriarch of *Duck Dynasty,* pronounces the Ivy League–educated Senator to be "one of us." Even Hillary Clinton is sharpening her smooth-edged coalition politics, telling voters they're "right to be angry."

But nobody does tribal warfare like Trump. "It's us-against-them politics," says Roger Stone, a Republican consultant and former Trump adviser. "You define yourself by who your enemies are." Trump has been a master of this for much of his life. At various chapters in his business career, he has found the furrows in the cultural landscape and sown discord for personal gain. Now the same knack for divisive rhetoric could tear the Republican Party in two, leaving Trump as the commander of a new tribe, a coalition of the disaffected.

PLAYING THE TRIBES

TRUMP, 69, WAS BORN IN QUEENS, N.Y., A PATCHWORK quilt of ethnic enclaves. For years, both Trump and his real estate developer father Fred masked their German ancestry by claiming to be Swedish. The Trumps lived in a Colonial Revival mansion on a leafy street in Jamaica Estates,

Trump, center, during his senior year at New York Military Academy in 1964

Trump hasn't dragooned supporters into believing he's a conservative; he's leading a willing rebellion against modern conservatism itself

an upper-class home in a middle-class neighborhood. Fred Trump instilled thrift in his sons by coaxing them to redeem soda-bottle deposits and forcing them to get summer jobs and paper routes. But the father wasn't shy about flashing symbols of wealth either: when it rained, Donald delivered newspapers from the backseat of his chauffeured limousine.

Then as now, Donald was a troublemaker. He gave his second-grade music teacher a black eye "because I didn't think he knew anything about music," he once wrote. By junior high, inspired by the battles between the Sharks and the Jets in *West Side Story,* he was sneaking onto the subway and amassing a small collection of switchblades, according to friends. Donald was whisked away to an upstate military academy. Peers say there were no signs that he treated anyone differently. "There were students from all over the U.S., guys from Central and South America," recalls Arthur Schoenewaldt, Trump's senior-year roommate. "He got along with everybody."

After graduating from the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School in 1968, Donald joined the family real estate business. Four years later, civil rights groups began sending undercover spies to Trump rental properties to investigate allegations of racial bias. According to a suit filed by the Justice Department in 1973, the tests revealed a pattern of discrimination against minorities applying for his family's apartments. The younger Trump's response was to counterattack. He called a combative press conference, accused the feds of forcing the company to rent to welfare recipients and announced that he had filed a $100 million defamation suit. Trump settled two years later, in an agreement that prohibited the company from discriminating against prospective tenants but contained no admission of guilt.

As a businessman, Trump sought to capitalize on ethnic allegiances. "If the seller was Italian," he told the New York *Times* in 1984, "we sent an Italian." He relies on the same stereotypes as a candidate. "I'm a negotiator like you folks," he told a Republican Jewish group in December.

At moments of civic distress, he found opportunities to burnish his populist bona fides. In April 1989, amid a crime wave, New York City was rocked by the rape of a young investment banker while she was jogging in Central Park. Twelve days later, Trump placed a full-page newspaper ad calling for the resurrection of the death penalty. "I want to hate these murderers and I always will," he wrote. It was a law-and-order cry that channeled the anger of a reeling city. And the attendant publicity helped Trump cultivate an image as a foil to the city's political leaders. Five black and Hispanic teens were convicted in connection with the rape after making false confessions. All were later exonerated by DNA evidence. Korey Wise, imprisoned more than a decade for a crime he didn't commit, blames some of the beatings he suffered in jail on Trump. "He put a bounty on my head," Wise says. But the billionaire developer was unrepentant. When the city announced a $41 million settlement with the wrongly convicted men in 2014, Trump called the deal a "disgrace" in an op-ed. "These young men," he noted, "do not exactly have the pasts of angels."

His pattern of exploiting cultural suspicions resurfaced during a real estate dispute in Florida. In 1991, the Palm Beach town council nixed Trump's plan to split his sprawling oceanfront estate, Mar-a-Lago, into smaller mansions. News reports appeared, suggesting that Trump was mulling a sale of the historic property to the Rev. Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church: "How will they feel when a thousand Moonies descend on Palm Beach every weekend?" an anonymous Trump associate was quoted as saying. The church recoiled at the rumor, calling Trump "morally reprehensible" for fanning fears of an unfamiliar sect. The apology church leaders wanted never came.

Almost a decade later, Trump tried to crush another Indian casino project. The St. Regis Mohawks, a Native American tribe in upstate New York, were negotiating to build a casino in the Catskills in 2000 when ominous ads began appearing in local papers. "Are these the new neighbors we want?" asked one message, which bore images of drug paraphernalia such as a hypodermic needle. "The ads were really derogatory and racist," recalls Rowena General, the tribe's chief of staff at the time. They appeared under the name of an unknown group called the New York Institute for Law and Society, which Trump bankrolled. The project stalled. Years later, Trump told the New York *Times* that he had nothing against the tribe. "I wasn't knocking the Mohawks," he said. "I was mocking their record."

Amid the uproar of the 1989 Central Park jogger case, Trump placed a newspaper ad calling for tougher anticrime policies

THE ELITE TARGET

NOW, AS THE GOP FRONT RUNNER, Trump is casting himself as an agent of Republican realignment. "I am a unifier," he declared from a glittering ballroom at Mar-a-Lago on March 1 after winning seven more states. "I know people are going to find that a little bit hard to believe, but believe me." Yet part of the unity candidate's playbook has been to stoke doubts about his political opponents. Questioning the veracity of Obama's Hawaiian birth certificate was just the start. During the 2016 race, he has argued the Canadian-born Cruz is ineligible for the White House, and he retweeted a claim that Florida Senator Marco Rubio may not be either because his parents were born in Cuba.

Last fall Trump retweeted an image of a dark-skinned figure, wearing a bandanna and pointing a handgun, alongside apocryphal statistics about black-on-white crime. He has claimed, without

Young Donald with his father Fred Trump atop one of their Brooklyn apartment buildings in 1973

AD: NEW YORK DAILY NEWS; FATHER: BARTON SILVERMAN—THE NEW YORK TIMES/REDUX

evidence, to have seen televised footage showing thousands of Muslims celebrating in New Jersey after the Sept. 11 attacks. In a CNN interview shortly before Super Tuesday, he declined to denounce the support of former Ku Klux Klan grand wizard David Duke. (Later he blamed his answer on a bad earpiece that prevented him from hearing the question.)

"This is an old cocktail," says Republican Senator Lindsey Graham of South Carolina. "He's playing to people's prejudices and fears. It's no deeper than that."

But there is no tribe Trump condemns more than the political elites, both Democratic and Republican. "The Republican Party, insofar as it is in favor of a lot of immigration and a lot of things that go on with globalization, are feeding the kinds of problems that are creating the anger," says political scientist Charles Murray of the conservative American Enterprise Institute, who argues that the policies of the GOP establishment have hollowed out the party's white working-class base. Generations of Republican leaders have exalted free trade and entitlement cuts, called for more high-skilled-labor visas and guest workers, sought deep tax reductions for the wealthy and pushed for tougher antiabortion policies and less federal meddling.

In each case, Trump has defied party dogma. He's pitched protectionism and stronger social programs, a border wall and a wealth tax. He defends the merits of Planned Parenthood and eminent domain. From this vantage, Trump's groundswell of support isn't a spasm of a party in chaos. It looks more like a natural course correction. He hasn't dragooned supporters into believing he's a conservative; he's leading a willing rebellion against modern conservatism itself.

The party bosses didn't spot the torches on the horizon because they live comfortably cushioned from the concerns of Trump's tribe. "I don't know a single person that I interact with who's supporting him. Literally not one," shrugs one major Republican fundraiser. "We can't all be wrong."

Now that same party leadership is waking up to the fact that they no longer have the power to sway voters. "The reason their punches don't land is they're being thrown in a world that's dying," says former House Speaker Newt Gingrich, who says Trump may ultimately prove to be "the most effective anti-left candidate of our times." In Trump's post-ideological movement, the litmus tests that have long ruled Republican politics are irrelevant. "It's a revolution. What it means is you're going to have a new conservatism," predicts Gingrich. "He's demolishing the old order."

The last few Presidents have each been a reflection of the flaws the public perceived in his predecessor. Obama's professorial aspect and deliberative decision-making style was a response to George W. Bush's cowboy certitude. Bush's teetotaling piety represented a break from the moral transgressions of Bill Clinton's Administration. In this sense, Trump is a fitting foil for Obama—certainly more so than Rubio or Cruz, two Cuban-American freshman Senators with short résumés and silver tongues.

The juxtaposition is striking. Democracy, Obama recently told the author Marilynne Robinson, depends on "a presumption of goodness in other people." Trump warns of enemies lurking everywhere. During campaign events he occasionally recites the lyrics of "The Snake," an old Al Wilson tune from the 1960s about a tenderhearted woman who nurses a dying serpent back to health and is rewarded for her pity with a fatal bite. Trump used the parable to illustrate the dangers of bringing Syrian refugees into the U.S. This theme, of the hidden threat lurking in our midst, is part of what makes Trump a fitting prophet for a fearful tribe.

"He's one of us," explains Natalie Ventura, a 44-year-old Navy veteran from Summerville, S.C. "I don't always agree with the message. But we aren't voting for the message. We're voting for the messenger." —*With reporting by* PHILIP ELLIOTT/NORTH CHARLESTON, S.C., *and* ZEKE J. MILLER/GREENVILLE, S.C. □

Elaine Hightower, a graphic designer, expects to pay an additional $12,600 in out-of-network bills for two arthritis surgeries

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEXEY SWALL FOR TIME

You only think you're covered

For many, there is no way to know what the hospital will cost

By Haley Sweetland Edwards

WHEN LUKE POSTELL WAS BORN THREE WEEKS before his due date, he couldn't breathe. He was immediately whisked into the hospital's neonatal intensive-care unit, where he spent the first week and a half of his life in a tangle of blinking machines, pumps and tubes. On the 11th day, he went home, happy and healthy. "That's the most important thing in the world," his father Danny says of his bright-eyed now 18-month-old. "To have him home with us, I'd pay anything in the world."

But he didn't think he'd have to.

Danny and his wife Linda, who teaches fourth grade at a public school in Canton, Ga., got their health insurance through the state's Blue Cross Blue Shield plan. Because Danny had torn his Achilles tendon earlier that summer playing basketball, the family had already blown through their $5,000 deductible. Linda's doctor and their local hospital were both listed as in-network providers, so the Postells didn't expect they'd have to pay any more out of pocket for Luke's birth.

But then a stream of mysterious bills started rolling in. Why hadn't anyone told them there'd be a $1,746 fee for an initial neonatal visit? What is the $240-per-day charge for Luke's "supervision of care"? Wasn't this all—$4,279 in the end—supposed to be covered by insurance?

Danny, who knew something about medical billing from his work as a pharmacist, quickly discovered the cause. While the local hospital was considered an in-network provider, the neonatal intensive-care unit at

that same facility was not. Once Luke was whisked across that invisible line, wham: everything was out of network. "You'd think someone at some point would have told us that," Danny says.

The Postells have plenty of company. An estimated 1 in 3 American adults with private health insurance falls victim every two years to what are known, aptly, as "surprise medical bills," according to a 2015 survey by *Consumer Reports*. Such bills arise when an in-network medical facility contracts with out-of-network medical staff, including emergency-room doctors, anesthesiologists, surgical assistants or lab technicians. Depending on the service, average out-of-network charges can be up to 14 times more than what the government would pay for a Medicare patient, according to a study by America's Health Insurance Plans, a trade group.

"Sometimes it's just a few hundred dollars if the person reading a lab report was out of network," says Julie Silas, a senior attorney at Consumers Union, a division of *Consumer Reports*. "But it can easily be tens of thousands of dollars if someone's spent days in an in-network hospital and not known that the attending physician was out of network."

Between Luke's birth and Danny's surgery, which also occurred at an in-network facility but involved out-of-network care, the Postells felt blindsided. While Blue Cross Blue Shield ended up reducing the initial $4,279 bill for Luke's care to a more manageable $2,469 and capping the family's total out-of-network payments at $12,000, the Postells were still asked to pay $7,000 more than they had budgeted. A year and a half later, they're still chipping away at it.

"Has this been difficult for us? Yes. But will we survive? We better," Danny says. Then his voice sharpens. "But I can't stop thinking, What if this happened to the sweet lunchroom lady? Or one of the bus drivers at school? It's just not right."

Linda and Danny Postell are still paying down $7,000 in unexpected out-of-network bills from 2014

PRESIDENT OBAMA'S signature legislation, the Affordable Care Act, goes part of the way toward fixing this problem, but it leaves two gaping loopholes. The first has to do with how much people can be asked to pay out of pocket. The ACA caps that amount at $6,850 for individuals and $13,700 for families. But those caps apply only to in-network care. If patients go to an out-of-network hospital or, like the Postells, inadvertently receive out-of-network care at an in-network facility, the amount they pay doesn't count toward that annual cap.

The second loophole has to do with emergency-room visits. The ACA requires insurance companies to bill patients in a medical emergency as if they are in network, even if they end up at an out-of-network hospital. So if a patient usually pays a 20% co-pay at an in-network facility and a 60% co-pay at an out-of-network one, insurers must abide by the in-network co-pay.

That's a huge step in the right direction. But it doesn't solve the problem of surprise billing. Even in an emergency, doctors and other medical staff who are not in a patient's network can charge separately for their services. "The out-of-network doctor can still bill the patient the difference between what the insurer pays and what the doctor charges," Silas explains. In other words, if you break your arm and go to the nearest emergency room, your insurance company bills as if you went to an in-network hospital. But any of the out-of-network doctors or medical staff at that hospital can still send you an invoice. Surprise!

In most states, hospitals are not legally required to tell patients if the medical staff with whom they contract are in network, and patients themselves often don't know which specialists will be involved in their care, says Beth Stephens, a health-access-program director at Georgia Watch, a nonprofit advocacy group. As a result, she explains, even the savviest and best-informed patients can be ambushed by surprise bills.

In some cases, that happens when a hospital maintains an exclusive contract with an out-of-network specialist group. In Texas, for example, 20% of hospitals that the top three insurance companies considered in network had no in-network emergency-room doctors on staff, according to a 2014 study by the Texas nonprofit Center for Public Policy Priorities. One of the three biggest insurance companies in the state had no in-network emergency-room doctors at more than half its in-network hospitals. "They get you in a trap," says Dana Pass, whose husband's bladder-cancer screening was performed at an in-network hospital that contracted with an out-of-network anesthesiologist group. "There's nothing we could have done except not have the procedure." The

LEXEY SWALL FOR TIME

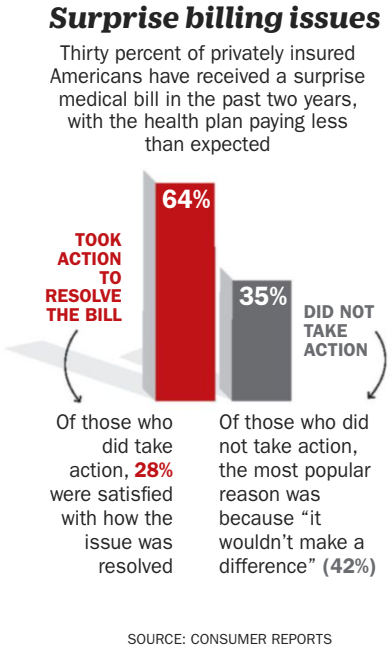
Passes ended up paying $664 for the anesthesiologist's services—a bill they fought for a year until it was eventually refunded.

In other cases, patients have received surprise medical bills after they've gone to an in-network hospital and seen an in-network doctor but unintentionally received a type of medical device or drug that their insurance company does not cover. "In some cases, not even the doctor knows if something is covered by insurance," says Cindi Gatton, a private patient advocate in Georgia.

Last summer, when Elaine Hightower, a graphic designer in Atlanta, found out she had to have two surgeries, one on each thumb, for arthritis, she chose an in-network surgeon and facility and then called her insurance company to make sure the procedure was covered. Since Hightower had already reached her in-network deductible of $3,500, she didn't expect to have to pay more. It wasn't until months later, when she was whacked with a $6,300 out-of-network bill, that she discovered that the anesthesiologist on duty the day of her procedure was out of network and that the bioengineered implant that her doctor had used in the procedure was not covered by her insurance.

Unfortunately, by the time that bill arrived, Hightower had already had the same procedure performed on her other thumb, using the same surgeon, anesthesiologist and implant. She's now bracing for another $6,300 hit. If you include her $568 monthly premium, her in-network deductible, plus the $12,600 in surprise bills, Hightower expects to pay $22,916 for her health care last year alone. That's close to half her after-tax take-home pay. "It's just totally unaffordable," she says.

FOR MANY AMERICANS, health care is the single biggest annual expense. Last year alone, the average family of four covered by a typical employer-sponsored health plan spent $10,473 in premiums and other out-of-pocket costs, according to the nonpartisan research organization the Milliman Medical Index. That's almost 20% of the median American family's annual income of $53,000. (Employers spend an average of $14,198 more per family.) While there are no good national studies showing how much Americans pay in surprise bills every year, a recent *Consumer Reports* survey found that 41% of families in Georgia alone had received one, and industry experts say the problem is getting worse. As hospitals and physicians' groups band together to negotiate higher reimbursement rates, insurance companies respond by narrowing their network coverage to reduce costs.



Efforts to fix the problem through legislation have been halting, largely because the issue pits three powerful players in the health care industry—hospitals, physicians' groups and insurance companies—against one another. Those groups all know that any new law shielding patients from surprise bills would require one of them to eat those costs instead. Steven Stack, the president of the American Medical Association, which represents physicians, puts the onus on insurance companies to include more hospital-based physicians in their networks. Tom Nickels, an executive vice president of the American Hospital Association, takes a similar tack, arguing that it's insurance companies' responsibility to tell patients which providers are covered. In recent years, patient groups have sued Anthem and rival Blue Shield of California on the grounds that the companies were not transparent about which providers were in network.

One in three American adults with private health insurance receives a 'surprise medical bill' every two years

Insurance companies, for their part, feel besieged. With the cost of health care ticking up by an average of 6% a year for services and nearly 14% for pharmaceuticals, insurers feel they have no choice but to negotiate reimbursement rates with doctors to keep premiums and deductibles as low as possible. Not all oblige. "Providers that choose not to participate in a network plan have a variety of reasons, the main one being that they want to charge higher rates for their services," explained Clare Krusing, who represents America's Health Insurance Plans. "When you have a pricing structure like that, patients are being asked to write a blank check."

At least 10 states have attempted to tackle the problem of surprise billing, although most stop short of prohibiting it outright. In California and Florida, for example, providers are no longer allowed to issue surprise bills in medical emergencies. In New York, which has one of the most comprehensive laws, providers and insurance companies must now submit to arbitration to determine who pays and how much. On the national level, Representative Lloyd Doggett of Texas has introduced a bill that would require hospitals to inform patients about out-of-network staff and provide them with an estimate of how much a procedure will cost. Obama's 2017 budget includes many of those same provisions. Despite bipartisan support, neither has much of a chance of passing this gridlocked Congress.

Danny and Linda Postell, who have become accidental activists in the fight against surprise billing, don't have a specific solution in mind. To them, it's a moral issue. "We're going to be able to pay our bill eventually," Danny says. "But there are lots of people out there who would see a $12,000 bill and be out of luck." ◻

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANIEL SHEA FOR TIME

a NEW EDGE for TEAM USA

Fencer Ibtihaj Muhammad brings faith and fearlessness to this summer's Olympic Games

By SEAN GREGORY

ON AUG. 5, THE GREATEST ATHLETES IN the world will stream into Maracanã Stadium for the opening ceremony of the 2016 Summer Olympics. Give or take a few samba dancers, the scene in Rio de Janeiro will look much like all the other Olympic pageants before it, save one crucial detail: for the first time, a member of Team USA will be wearing a hijab. The fencer Ibtihaj Muhammad, a Muslim from New Jersey, earned that distinction in late January when she clinched a spot in the Games at a tournament in Athens. Days later, President Obama called her out by name during the first visit of his presidency to a U.S. mosque.

Less than a week after Obama mentioned her, Muhammad sits unnoticed at a Manhattan Starbucks, talking about something that scares her far more than a sword darting toward her face. "If Donald Trump had his way, America would be white," Muhammad says between sips of a skinny hazelnut latte. "And there wouldn't be any color. And there wouldn't be any diversity here."

This is charged turf for an Olympian. These athletes, the bulk of whom attract attention only once every four years, tend

to shy away from politics. Even a whiff of controversy has the potential to turn off potential fans and alienate the corporate sponsors that help subsidize their dreams. But Trump's rise to the front of the Republican presidential pack, along with his call to temporarily ban foreign-born Muslims from entering the U.S., is more than Muhammad can abide.

"When you incite hateful speech and rhetoric like that, the people who say it never think about the repercussions and how that affects Muslims," says Muhammad. "Specifically Muslim women who wear their religion every single day. So then you start to think, Am I going to be safe?"

With that, Muhammad touches on the critical issue that sets her apart from all the other fantastically talented, maniacally driven members of Team USA. The scarf covering her head is, above all, a deeply personal statement of her faith. But it is also a decidedly public signal of her beliefs. To detractors, it's a mark of otherness; to supporters, it's a sign of arrival—and a reason millions of Americans are cheering for a sport that ranks somewhere below darts in the public consciousness.

"I was jumping up and down, and immediately starting texting friends and calling family members," says Edina Lekovic of the Muslim Public Affairs Council, an advocacy organization, describing her reaction to Muhammad's making the Olympic team. "This is such a moment of pride and progress, and there's no going back."

MUHAMMAD, 30, is the third of five children raised outside New York City in the New Jersey suburb of Maplewood. Her mother Denise, an elementary-school special-education teacher, and her father Eugene, a retired narcotics detective in Newark, both converted to Islam before they met.

The Muhammads encouraged their kids to play sports, and Ibtihaj was particularly competitive with her brother Qareeb, who is one year older. "I owe my athletic drive to my brother," she says. "Because I was always trying to run faster than him or jump higher than him."

The bouts got so intense that Qareeb once jumped off a patio roof into the family's swimming pool to prove he was more daring than his younger sister. He delighted in his victories. "I spent a lot of my childhood crying," says Muhammad. "My brother picked on me a lot. I think it was his goal to make me cry every day."

Those sibling feuds helped spark an active streak, and Muhammad played softball and volleyball and ran track growing up. But unlike her teammates, Muhammad would wear her uniform over pants and long-sleeved shirts, and keep her hijab fixed in place to accommodate Islam's dictates about modest dress.

The alterations made her feel as if she weren't fully part of the team. "When we think about the concept of a uniform, this sense of camaraderie that can be built around wearing the same thing, I don't think I was able to capture that as a kid," says Muhammad. "When I would walk into a gym with other kids who have on tank tops and shorts, here I am with the hijab, with long sleeves and long pants. That in itself can be ostracizing."

'When I would walk into a gym with other kids who have on tank tops and shorts, here I am with the hijab.'

Her life changed at a stoplight. Paused at a red in front of Columbia High School, Denise looked over and noticed students holding swords and wearing masks. It was one of those lightbulb moments. She started researching fencing online and took Ibtihaj, then in eighth grade, to meet the coach. It felt like the perfect solution for her athletic daughter: everyone's body was covered, and with a mask, the hijab wouldn't stand out. "It was absolutely ideal for us," says Denise.

Or so it seemed. At high school fencing meets, Muhammad was often the only African American. "I remember going to competitions as a kid and people commenting on me being black, me being Muslim," she recalls. "Parents asking whether or not it was O.K. for me to fence in my hijab, if in some way it would jeopardize someone else's safety. As a child, that can be kind of traumatizing."

It was an offhand remark—a parent at a competition telling Muhammad there were other black people who fenced—that led her to find what became her second home. After she told her mom about the comment, Denise discovered Peter Westbrook, a fencer who had won a bronze medal at the 1984 Olympics and who now runs a nonprofit fencing club in New York City. The club has a track record of turning kids from nontraditional fencing backgrounds into champions: dozens of alumni have gone on to fence in college, and a half-dozen have qualified for the Olympics.

Soon Muhammad was making regular train commutes into New York. Westbrook turned her into a saber fencer, one of competition fencing's three disciplines along with épée and foil. In saber, a fencer can score by hitting an opponent's target area (the entire body above the waist, including the head but excluding the hands) with any part of the blade, not just the tip as in the sport's other categories. This makes saber the fastest of the three, requiring the ability to land and defend mile-a-minute thwacks with a sword. Turns out Muhammad had a knack for it. "When she's fencing, she's as ornery as hell," says Westbrook. "With a saber in her hand, there's not anyone meaner than her."

Muhammad fenced at Duke, where she received a partial academic scholarship and became an All-American. But she failed to qualify for the 2012 Olympics; she was America's fourth-ranked saber fencer, and only the top two made the team. Most people close to her figured she would use her degrees

in international relations and African and African-American studies to settle into a traditional career. And she took some tentative steps in that direction.

In 2014, Muhammad founded Louella, a clothing line that aims to modernize the staid offerings typically available in what's known as the "modest fashion" industry. The idea for the company, which is named after her grandmother, came after searches for floor-length dresses to wear at speaking engagements left her unsatisfied.

"There are tons of Muslim clothing companies out there," says Muhammad. "But I felt as though they were never anything me or my sisters or my friends would wear. They're, like, dowdy and dark." Her brother Qareeb—the one who used to pick on her—had some connections in Los Angeles and now helps run Louella from the West Coast. Muhammad, who during our conversation is wearing a beige hijab and a blue denim shirt and carries both Louis Vuitton and Louella bags, says the company is profitable: according to Qareeb, Louella has generated approximately $500,000 in sales.

"I know very few women who wear burqas and black," says Muhammad. "But when Americans think of who a Muslim woman is, that's the first thing they probably think. It's O.K. to wear a hijab and be different and challenge these norms, these misconceptions of who we are."

Muhammad was drawn to fencing in high school because the uniform conformed to her religious beliefs

But Muhammad couldn't shake the fencing bug. "There's something about that swashbuckling," says Denise. "It's addictive." Muhammad won her first international medal, a silver, at a World Cup event in 2013, and has made steady improvement since. She is now the seventh-ranked saber fencer in the world.

"She's incredibly important as a symbol of empowerment," says Dalia Mogahed, research director at the Institute for Social Policy and Understanding, a think tank in Washington that studies Muslim issues. "That you can do anything you want, regardless of faith, or how you choose to practice your faith."

SIPPING HER LATTE, Muhammad is accepting, almost welcoming, of the public glare. She recently signed a sponsorship deal with Dick's Sporting Goods and is in negotiations with two other *Fortune* 500 companies. She hopes to inspire young Muslim girls to pick up sports, and to serve as the role model she never had. "If I had people who could challenge that notion that I didn't belong, if I had athletes I could see," says Muhammad, "I feel like it definitely would have been easier."

Yet she doesn't expect the indignities to fade. "After the Paris attacks, after San Bernardino, Muslims were being kicked off planes," Muhammad says. "I was like, Oh my gosh, am I going to be one of those people who is going to be asked to leave a flight? Because I made someone else uncomfortable?" She laughs. "If you're uncomfortable, you're the one who should get off the plane." The stares won't subside either. "That can be really challenging, not ever knowing what someone's hang-up is," says Muhammad. "And I'm at a point in my life where I just don't care. Not interested."

She is, however, keenly interested in taking on the Republican presidential race. "I still have faith in the greater America that we will not vote someone as ignorant as Donald Trump into office," Muhammad says. "As a country, we are collectively more intelligent than that. I think he represents everything we aren't."

The different parts that comprise the U.S.—the "we" that makes up this patchwork nation—are a particular concern to the first woman who will represent the country while wearing an emblem of a religion many see as its archenemy. On the fencing strip, it's Muhammad's job to attack. Outside of it, she just wants to defend.

"There's this notion that somehow having minorities present and successful in our society challenges the success of our country," Muhammad says. "And that's frustrating to me. That you have minorities who for so long have been oppressed, who for so long have been confined to particular spaces breaking out of these norms and breaking barriers—that's what makes America great." ◻

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Time Off

'COLORING IS HARD ENOUGH TO ABSORB YOU, BUT NOT SO HARD THAT YOU'RE GOING TO FAIL.' —PAGE 58

As a rookie war correspondent, Fey navigates the culture clash within an armed clash

PARAMOUNT

MOVIES

Tina Fey falls in love with a war zone in *Whiskey Tango Foxtrot*

By Stephanie Zacharek

WE OUGHT TO BE USED TO THE IDEA of women reporting from war zones—Christiane Amanpour and Lara Logan are the two names nearly everyone knows from TV—yet the old notion of "war is no place for a woman" clings stubbornly. Actually, war is no place for anybody, which is one of the ideas nailed by the zigzagging, high-spirited *Whiskey Tango Foxtrot*. Directed by Glenn Ficarra and John Requa (writers of *Bad Santa*), this is a fictionalized version of former Chicago *Tribune* journalist Kim Barker's 2011 memoir *The Taliban Shuffle,* which recounts her time in Afghanistan and Pakistan from 2004 to 2009. Here, Barker has been transformed into a broadcast journalist named Kim Barker, and she's played by superstar comic Tina Fey. But let's not confuse a movie's adherence to facts with the sidelong truths it reveals: *Whiskey Tango Foxtrot* captures the texture of one person's experience in a place where she knows she shouldn't be—and helps us understand her fears that she'll never want to be anyplace else.

When Fey's Kim, previously a lowly writer of news copy, first arrives in Kabul, she gets everything wrong. She becomes close with her shy, astute Afghan translator, Fahim (Christopher Abbott), although more than once she endangers him, and others, by taking thoughtless risks. As a woman finding her way in an Islamic culture whose strictures have been tightened even further by Taliban rule, Kim knows better than to go out without a headscarf. And she dons a full burqa when her guides lead her out of Kabul

and deeper into more conservative (and more dangerous) territory. Even then, she overestimates how much the garment can protect her, at one point striding into a men-only zone and igniting a near deadly scuffle.

But she also learns certain things the men can't. The leader of the unit in which she's been embedded, Marine Colonel Hollanek (a marvelously taciturn Billy Bob Thornton), can't figure out why the wells his men have been digging, as a service to the townsfolk, keep getting blown up. By talking to the local women, Kim finds out why—only she is allowed into their inner circle, and Ficarra, Requa and cinematographer Xavier Grobet shoot the scene in a gorgeously poetic, respectful way.

Beyond that, *Whiskey Tango Foxtrot* is just bodaciously entertaining. Margot Robbie plays Kim's gregarious, hard-partying bestie, Martin Freeman is the rascally freelance photographer she sleeps with against her better judgment, Alfred Molina is the high-ranking Afghan official who salaciously tries to lure her into bed: all are wonderful, and Fey is terrific too. Her timing has always been superb, but lately she's settled into a kind of autopilot precision. Here, playing not just against other actors but also in response to gunshots and explosions, she can't rely on shtick—her way with a line is still firecracker sharp, but she shows a new, surprising softness too.

By now you're surely asking, Should a story set in such a deeply troubled country really be this much fun? *Whiskey Tango Foxtrot* does smooth the corners of the thorny Afghanistan problem. (Barker's book, for all its larkish black humor, paints a more desolate picture.) And you could question whether Western journalists, as unwanted guests in a country that forbids such things as hooking up and partying should spend so much time doing so. But when Fey's Kim finally realizes how hard she's fallen for this dusty, despairing country—and how hooked she's gotten on the adrenaline kick of being there—the movie's sly complexity slips into focus. Too bad the title *Enemies: A Love Story* was already taken. That would have been perfect. ☐

QUICK TALK

Tina Fey

The Whiskey Tango Foxtrot *star discusses her latest transformation into a TV news reporter, this one based on Kim Barker, author of* The Taliban Shuffle.

The New York *Times* review of Barker's book compared her to you. Did you see any similarities? To me it wasn't obvious, but Kim has a self-deprecating honesty. It sounds like she dressed as badly as I dress and as [*30 Rock*'s] Liz Lemon would, wearing a shirt off the floor for a big night out.

Did you draw on your experience as a *Saturday Night Live* Weekend Update anchor to play a serious journalist? It was useful to have that fake-journalist muscle. They'd show me a page of fake news dialogue, dense with Pashtun names, and I would have to bang it out in one take. One day it was freezing, and after we finished I joked, "Y'all are lucky I can memorize like that, or we would have been here for hours!"

How did you immerse yourself in Barker's world? The book was a treasure trove, and I read about the region, watched documentaries. Because we were in New Mexico, [we were] trying to figure out how to feel like we were in Kabul and places that were dangerous, when we weren't anywhere dangerous—depending on what part of Albuquerque you're in and what time it is.

When Kim explains why she left the States for Afghanistan, someone replies, "That's the most American-white-lady story I've ever heard." I think it was funny, but also smart to call it out that what drove her there and what she discovers is a very first-world experience compared to the people she's meeting there.

Kim is very career-oriented, but there's no hand-wringing about her biological clock or finding a partner, which is kind of rare. I remember it popping up in one piece of language. I said I would love for there to not be any of that in this movie. Let's not do that because it's not every person's story. I asked [screenwriter] Robert [Carlock] to take it out, and he happily agreed.

—ELIZA BERMAN

Fey delivers a performance that's more than shtick

FEY: PARAMOUNT; THE WAVE: MAGNOLIA PICTURES; BALE: BROAD GREEN PICTURES

Norway's first disaster movie is fiction inspired by a bedrock of fact

REVIEW

The Wave offers a humbling vision as an idyllic world turns deadly

BIG WAVE, TINY TOWN: YOU COULD FIT the premise of director Roar Uthaug's modest but effective disaster film *The Wave* into half a nutshell. The movie, too, is dexterous and economical, a lo-fi approximation of a Hollywood blockbuster—not a drop of CGI water is wasted. *The Wave* has been called Norway's first disaster movie, and even though the story takes place in a small country, the stakes are high: Kristian (Kristoffer Joner, resembling a gaunt, intense Kevin Bacon) is a geologist in charge of monitoring a mountain near his serene burg. That town, Geiranger, boasts a glorious vista of rugged stone and placid fjord—tourists descend upon it every year, not thinking that even the smallest shift inside that rock of a mountain could trigger first a landslide and then a killer tsunami.

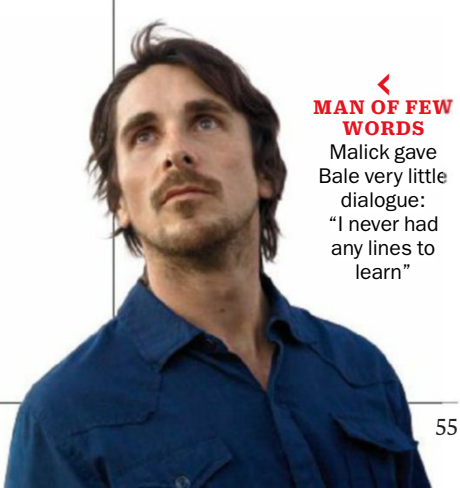
Kristian thinks about that possibility all the time, and for good reason: in real life, Norwegian tidal waves in 1905 and 1936 swept farms and homes off the map and, combined, killed more than 100 people. (A repeat of these horrors is not just possible but likely, as *The Wave* warns us ominously in both a preamble and a coda.) When Kristian notices a geological blip, his colleagues at first think nothing of it. But before long, that mountain decides its center cannot hold: with a silent, mighty groan, it sends a tumble of rocks into the water below. The town's citizens have been warned. Can they outrun the fjord of fury as it leaps onto land? Kristian and his wife Idun (Ane Dahl Torp), a manager at the area's biggest hotel, happen to be in separate parts of town when disaster strikes—they scramble to protect themselves and their two kids.

The family-in-peril motif is a disaster-film staple, but don't hold that against *The Wave*. Uthaug isn't trying to buck convention, he's just embroidering over it, on a small scale that ends up feeling surprisingly expansive. Through it all, Uthaug makes us care about this stalwart little family and, more important, serves up a special-effects deluge that's both glorious and unsettling, a swoosh of doom in liquid form. Disaster movies are beloved by many, for reasons that aren't always savory or defensible: there's something both humbling and sadistic about watching terrified humans running this way and that, desperate to outrun the oncoming big Whatever. But *The Wave* is mostly low on sadism and high on humbling. We're all at the mercy of nature's power. It's the Whatever we can never outrun. —S.Z.

REVIEW

Malick's *Cups* runneth over —and over

TERRENCE MALICK IS adored in certain film circles for his supposedly poetic imagery, as applied to grand themes like "What is family?" *(The Tree of Life)* and "Corn: Isn't it great?" *(The New World)*. In *Knight of Cups,* he turns his somber gaze toward the hollowness of Hollywood: Christian Bale plays a disillusioned screenwriter drifting through a decadent landscape of women wearing too much eye makeup and terrible, clubfooted platform stilettos, though Malick makes it clear that the other female caricatures in his life (Cate Blanchett's selfless doctor, Natalie Portman's caring, sensitive sprite) are far superior. Teresa Palmer also appears as a stripper with a heart of gold and hot pants of silver. (Inexplicably, she also wears sandals with thick wooden soles onstage, moviedom's first clog-wearing exotic dancer.) For loyal Malick fans, the woozy dream-logic visuals here may be enough. But this director is hardly the perceptive student of human nature he's cracked up to be. He understands so little about women—and even less about our shoes. —S.Z.



MAN OF FEW WORDS Malick gave Bale very little dialogue: "I never had any lines to learn"

As slaves plotting escape, Hodge and Smollett-Bell have chemistry and grit

REVIEW

Underground is a big bet on a new kind of slavery drama

By Daniel D'Addario

AN ESCAPED SLAVE RUNS THROUGH THE WOODS, FLEEING A brutal plantation, stumbling over roots and hiding behind trees from the masters' all-too-illuminating torches: while it's uniquely well shot and edited, it still feels like an archetype, whether you've seen one antebellum period drama or many. But it's fair to say that no scene like this one has ever been scored to Kanye West, whose percussive "Black Skinhead" is perfectly in sync with our escapee's ragged breathing.

Underground, WGN America's new series about slaves seeking freedom in 1857 Georgia, premieres March 9. Co-created by *Sons of Anarchy* writer Misha Green (who is African American) and *Heroes* writer Joe Pokaski (who is not), it's a big bet for the Chicago-based cable network. If this connects with audiences in a way previous efforts haven't, WGN will have an identity beyond "the *Blue Bloods* rerun channel."

Underground rises to the challenge with urgent storytelling and a heavy dose of contemporary edge. The ensemble show focuses most closely on Rosalee (Jurnee Smollett-Bell), an innocent for whom freedom isn't realistic enough even to be a fantasy. Coaxed by would-be escapee Noah (Aldis Hodge), she evolves into a woman bold enough to run for her life. Making that evolution so realistic is impressive, given just how little Rosalee has been allowed to learn of the world outside.

Another great strength is *Underground*'s depiction of the psychological warfare waged by plantation masters, pitting slaves against one another, throwing them parties and allowing their children to play with white kids before casually mentioning that *some* of them will be working the fields soon. It's something more insidious than the pure sadism of *12 Years a Slave,* and truly creepy to watch.

The show has both clockwork tension and, on its margins, chaos. Smollett-Bell's real-life brother, *Empire* standout Jussie Smollett, appears as an agent of disorder, and the swiveling loyalties of characters including Cato (Alano Miller), a slave seemingly unafraid to turn on his fellows for the masters' approval, generates enough drama to sustain the show for seasons to come.

Singer John Legend serves as producer, yet the music, at times out of sync with the show's gravity, works less well than director Anthony Hemingway's sharply contemporary style. Broadway's *Hamilton* shares the impulse to blend hip-hop and history, but a scene in which slaves dance to the music of R&B star the Weeknd is less *Ham* than cheese. Yet with its gifted ensemble and propulsive momentum, *Underground* has much to recommend it. Its pride of place on WGN's schedule is a reminder that the broad world of TV has become the place where all sorts of people get to tell their stories. *Underground* is unapologetically itself. As Rosalee says to Noah when she learns he's placed tattoos over the scars of the whip, "It's not about letting the white folks define your story, right? It's about making it your own."

UNDERGROUND *airs Wednesdays at 10 p.m. E.T. on WGN America*

WGN'S EMERGING SLATE OF ORIGINAL SHOWS

***Salem* (2014–present)**
WGN's first original was a soap set during the witch-trial era

***Manhattan* (2014–15)**
Critics loved this low-rated origin story of the nuclear bomb

***Outsiders* (2016)**
The family saga, set in Appalachia, has real bite

WGN (4)

TIME PICKS

TELEVISION
For its new sketch-comedy show ***The Characters*** (March 11), Netflix gave eight emerging comedians free rein to create absurd personas, from reality stars to unconventional cops.

MUSIC
In their first full-length album, *55* (March 4), electronic-music duo **The Knocks** serve up an energetic, highly danceable jaunt with appearances by Carly Rae Jepsen, Cam'ron and Wyclef Jean.

BOOKS
The Violet Hour (March 8), Katie Roiphe's sixth book, examines how creative geniuses like Susan Sontag and Maurice Sendak faced their final days.

MOVIES
In ***Hello, My Name Is Doris*** (March 11), Sally Field charms as a quirky office worker who develops a crush on her much younger colleague, played by Max Greenfield.

FIELD: ROADSIDE ATTRACTIONS; ARNETT: NETFLIX

REVIEW

Will Arnett's struggles by the beach

Arnett plays a passenger carried along by life in Flaked

WILL ARNETT USED TO BE one of TV's funniest performers. Between his roles on *Arrested Development* and *30 Rock,* he's a five-time Emmy nominee. On *Arrested Development,* playing a pathetically failed magician (or as his character would have it, an "illusionist"), his delusional self-belief was the only magic trick that worked.

Arnett's characters were always a little tragic, and now the actor has made morose dissipation into more than a full-time job. On Netflix's very good animated series *BoJack Horseman,* returning for its third season later this year, Arnett lends his gravelly voice to the character of an alcoholic former star who happens to be a horse. Now, also on Netflix, Arnett takes on the role of an alcoholic who's painfully human. On *Flaked* (which Arnett co-created), the actor does an admirable job, but you miss his wit—no matter how much empathy you might feel for the struggles the show depicts.

The kindest possible way to read *Flaked* is as a male answer to HBO's *Enlightened,* the much-loved series that depicted one woman's delusion of herself as existing on a higher plane. Arnett plays a similar type: his Chip is the self-styled mayor of the Venice, Calif., hippie scene, an irritating faux-yogi who, when he tells a friend no, adds, "I want you to hear it as a yes."

Chip may be a regular at a 12-step program, but he's significantly better at recovery jargon than actual recovery. Chip is sneaking red wine from a container in his fridge. Why has no one figured it out? Maybe because the jug is marked KOMBUCHA.

And Chip has a lot to recover from. He bikes everywhere, a daily reminder of the man he killed when drunk behind the wheel. And while he's separated from his wife (Heather Graham), the pair haven't yet filed their divorce papers because, Chip says, his lawyer claims misappropriation: "He misses the appropriate funds … from me."

Flaked has the stylings of a TV comedy—meandering and lazily plotted, it doesn't work as drama—yet actual humor is all too absent. *Flaked* doesn't just feel redundant in the era of the half-hour melan-comedies that Louis CK kicked off—it feels like confirmation that the subgenre has peaked. After the far superior *Love,* it's the second Netflix comedy in a month in which the protagonist lies about sobriety. It's well made, but given the sheer volume of well-made shows out there, that quality is no longer enough to recommend one.

This is disappointing, because what Arnett and *Flaked* do well, they do better than they ought. *Flaked* has a love-triangle subplot that I could barely track, one that ended up, weirdly, in outright melodrama. But its sense of place is keen. We really know Chip and his shaggy world. It's a sad place to visit—so close to, and yet too far away from, the relief that even the saddest joke can grant. —D.D.

> 'I came to Venice by accident. Let me rephrase that—I came to Venice because of an accident.'
>
> **WILL ARNETT**, in the opening narration of *Flaked*

FLAKED, *the full season, will be available on Netflix on March 11*

How coloring inside the lines came into fashion

By Sarah Begley

A FEW YEARS AGO, SCOTTISH ILLUSTRATOR JOHANNA Basford made her living creating complex black-and-white drawings for brands like Nike and Absolut Vodka. Her clients would joke about wanting to color them in, and though she knew "they were being quite flippant," she says it gave her an idea: she began drafting a coloring book and told her publisher she wanted to target it to adults. *Secret Garden: An Inky Treasure Hunt and Coloring Book* debuted in 2013 with an initial printing of 13,000 copies. Three years later, Basford has published two more books. Total worldwide sales: 16 million.

Grownups today ride scooters, read books written for teens and flock to restaurants that offer haute versions of kids'-menu staples like mac and cheese. Perhaps it should come as no surprise then that coloring books for adults have become a trend. The genre has been around for at least four decades—the assiduously low-cost press Dover Books has been making them since 1970—but Basford's success made it a phenomenon. According to industry research firm Nielsen BookScan, U.S. sales of coloring books of all sorts jumped from 1 million in 2014 to 12 million in 2015. Nielsen doesn't break out adult- from youth-oriented books, but best sellers include Escheresque motifs, intricate animalia and architecture, and tie-ins with franchises like *Game of Thrones.* And themes can veer into the mature, such as *Swear Word Adult Coloring Book* or *Grimm Fairy Tales Adult Coloring Book,* which renders Red Riding Hood and Cinderella as pinups.

Nielsen's December survey found that 71% of adult colorers are female. While there's a considerable millennial contingent—36% are ages 18 to 29—boomers enjoy coloring too, with 19% being over 55. Celebrities like Zooey Deschanel and Nigella Lawson are supposedly fans, while others are the stars of single-subject books, including Drake, Benedict Cumberbatch and Ruth Bader Ginsburg. The trend has spawned coloring contests, a new National Coloring Book Day (Aug. 2 in the U.S.) and social-media pages for sharing completed pictures. Alex Perruzzi, Barnes & Noble's vice president with responsibility over the genre, believes sales will continue to grow over the next couple years. "We're going to hit a plateau," he says. "But it's going to last awhile."

WHY ARE SO MANY ADULTS shelling out money and taking the time to pick up an activity most left behind right around the time they learned to tie their shoes all on their own?

Many claim coloring promotes mental well-being. Best-selling coloring books for adults include words like *calm* or *stress relieving* in their titles: *Stress Relieving Patterns* or, less chill, *Calm the F*ck Down.* Staying inside the lines, especially in more complex illustrations, takes a lot of concentration, which blocks out distraction. In this sense, coloring could be a species of mindfulness like meditation, which has been shown to reduce stress. Benefits of true mindfulness include everything from reduced blood pressure to increased immune strength, according to scientists.

Clockwise from top left: Secret New York; Stress Relieving Patterns; Lost Ocean; Stress Relieving Animal Designs; Howl

Stephanie Pratola, a clinical psychologist, says coloring can put people in a state of "flow." The mesmerizing swish of the pencil "is hard enough to absorb you," says Pratola, "but not so hard that you're going to fail. That's the best state to be in. That really feels good to people."

And it does feel pretty good. After a particularly painful visit to the dentist, I found myself hunched over *Lost Ocean,* Basford's most recent coloring book. I forgot about my throbbing molar, fretting instead about color selection for each minuscule fish. I colored in the lines with the kind of attention to detail usually left

SUZANNE DARCY FOR TIME

to spreadsheets and taxes. In a world that's constantly interrupted by the beeping and buzzing of notifications, I found myself getting pleasantly lost in the intricacy of the ornate pages.

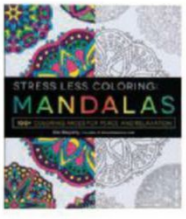
But if you have the kind of type-A personality that tends to send you into obsessions, it's easy to see how coloring can become addictive. One enthusiast, 27-year-old Lisa Gilbert, says she'll work on the same picture every night for days in a row, until her wrist gets too strained and she has to take a few days off. "Gosh, this makes me sound really lame," she says.

The fact that coloring is so frankly childish may not be something to get over but actually a big reason for doing it in the first place, like revisiting a favorite animated film through older, more sentimental eyes. Gilbert says a big part of the charm is how strongly the books evoke her childhood. "I really associate them with my grandmothers' houses," she says, explaining that she's drawn to "that sort of nostalgic feeling." It also functions as an arts-and-crafts session: Gilbert once thought she'd pursue fine arts but now works in environmental education. "Coloring books are probably filling that hole for me," she says. "I feel like I'm getting my creative juices flowing without having to fill a blank page."

If coloring fans see the activity as a way to express their creativity, illustrators like Basford see their customers as artistic partners. "I might draw those black-and-white outlines, but the pictures aren't complete until people have brought them to life with color," she says. "It kind of blows my mind that I have this opportunity to collaborate with millions of people all over the world. I can't think of many creative people in the past who've had that opportunity." □

A COLORING BOOK FOR EVERY SEASON OF MIND

THE STANDARD
Blue Star Coloring's ***Stress Relieving Patterns*** has been a No. 1 Amazon best seller and features designs like paisleys and polka dots



THE SOOTHER
A small study at Knox College in Illinois found coloring in geometric patterns like **mandalas** reduced more stress than freer designs

THE CRÈME DE LA CRÈME
Johanna Basford's most recent title offered nautical pictures; her next two will be *Magical Jungle* and *Johanna's Christmas*

THE TIE-IN
The strength of the ***Harry Potter*** brand has bolstered an entire line of adult coloring books, including this one with an animal subtheme

Kanye West **name-checked TIME** in a new song reportedly titled "Closest Thing to Einstein":

'I know I'm the most influential/ That TIME cover was just confirmation.'

A 106-year-old woman was so excited about her first visit to the White House (to celebrate Black History Month) that she **started dancing when she met the Obamas.**

Kate McKinnon brought her **Ellen DeGeneres impersonation** to *Ellen.*

At one point on the Oscars stage, *Room* star Jacob Tremblay shouted to host Chris Rock, **"I loved you in *Madagascar*!"**

After a brief closure for renovations to meet the high demand for its **now famous rainbow bagels,** Brooklyn's Bagel Store is officially back open for business.

LOVE IT / LEAVE IT

***TIME*'S WEEKLY TAKE ON WHAT POPPED IN CULTURE**

Kylie Jenner and Kylie Minogue are **locked in a legal battle** over the former's attempt to trademark the name Kylie.

A woman in Washington State **found a purple pearl in her restaurant meal.** The upside: it's worth at least $600.

Taco Bell Canada is now selling Crunchwrap Sliders **stuffed with Cheetos.**

In a *Bachelor* first, the lead (Ben Higgins) **told both finalists that he loved them**—mere days before he had to send one home.

A meteorologist for an L.A. news broadcast wore a dress that **blended into the weather map.**

Netflix's *Full House* revival, *Fuller House,* **is "excruciating," "unfunny" and "mawkish,"** according to critics.

A Florida man reportedly **dragged a shark out of the ocean** just so he could take a picture with it.

By Nolan Feeney, Samantha Grossman and Ashley Ross

MCKINNON, DEGENERES: INSTAGRAM; OBAMAS: LAWRENCE JACKSON—THE WHITE HOUSE; FULLER HOUSE: NETFLIX; SHARK, METEOROLOGIST: YOUTUBE; TREMBLAY, JENNER, MINOGUE: GETTY IMAGES; THE BACHELOR: ABC (3); CRUNCHWRAP SLIDER: CNW GROUP/TACO BELL

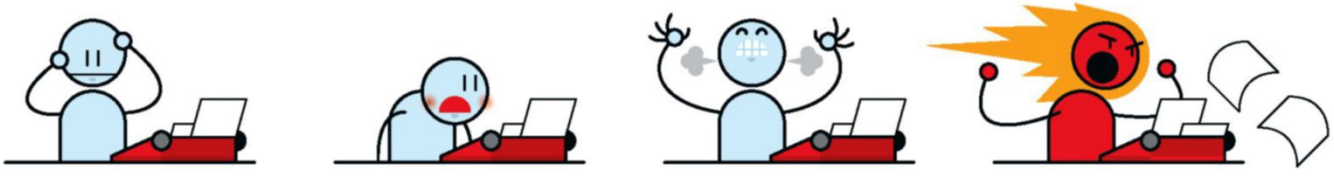
THE AWESOME COLUMN

Rage is all the rage. But only the Wu-Tang Clan can help me unleash my inner fury

By Joel Stein

ALTHOUGH I AM EQUIPPED WITH ALL THE OTHER emotions, including the ones with long German names, I don't get angry. When something goes wrong, I skip blame and resentment and go straight to hating myself. This is great for marriage, parenting and looking at health-insurance statements. But it no longer works for being a columnist. My ironic, Gen X, turn-something-into-nothing distance has lost favor to the Bernie Sanders/Donald Trump/cable-news-channel fury of our times. If I wanted to keep my job, I was going to have to take a class in anger un-management.

Unfortunately, anger experts are hard to reach, because of the fact that I am scared to call them. Mel Gibson, Charlie Sheen and Sean Penn, I worried, would get mad at me for asking them about this. Also, angry people lead very busy lives:



a few days before I tried to reach him, rapper DMX was found unconscious in a hotel parking lot. Suge Knight lost his phone and visitor privileges in jail. Worse, unlike me, angry people are completely comfortable saying no. Gordon Ramsay said no. World Wrestling Entertainment wouldn't let me talk to any of its performers. Lewis Black's and Jim Cramer's publicists never returned my emails. I cannot even tell you how little success I had with Kim Jong Un.

LUCKILY, I've had three very pleasant meetings with Method Man, rapper and member of the Wu-Tang Clan. I started our conversation by reminding him of how much fun we'd had playing his fighting video game together years ago. "F-ck that sh-t!" he responded, before yelling for three minutes about how the game sucked and he never got paid for it. Then he yelled about how that also happened with comic books. And martial-arts movies. "They put my name on a box of one of the wackest f-cking movies I've seen in my life, and I didn't see a f-cking dime from that!" Then he paused and asked what I wanted to talk to him about.

I told him my issues, to which he said, "You have a f-cking charmed life then, Joel." Then he said, "Sorry, Ma." Meth may be angry, but he's still the kind of gentleman who apologizes to his mother after cursing while she's in the room. Meth suggested I work myself up by watching *Schindler's List*. I told him that it just made me sad. Unsure how to help, Meth admitted that sometimes when he gets onstage he has to fake his anger, by scowling: "Then something kicks in. Then after I have to remember, 'What am I mad about?' to just cool out."

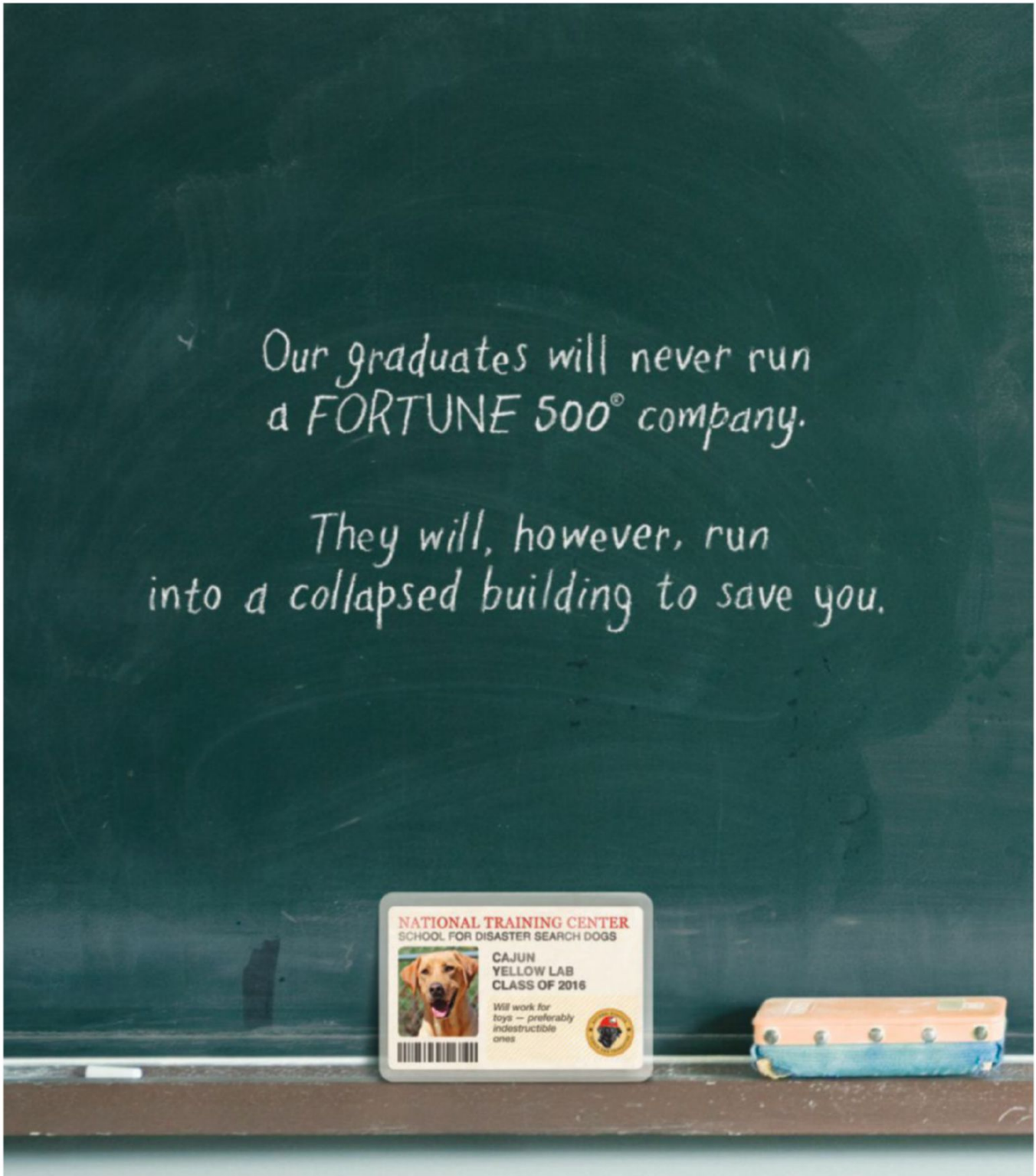
When he really needs to get in touch with his anger, Meth remembers someone who wronged him. As I tried to think of someone who'd mistreated me, he started delivering an enemy list that would have made Nixon nervous. There were gossip reporters, music critics, a Gucci salesman who told him the belts he was looking at were very expensive, an airline clerk who asked to recheck his ID, a flight attendant who didn't bring him his complimentary drink. "I've had flight attendants bring me glasses of cranberry juice that are pink!" he went on. "They scoop up the ice and get all this water! I don't know why they do this to me!" I was looking forward to Meth's next album, to see if he can rhyme *cranberry juice* with *Black Lives Matter.*

While Meth's tips were helpful, I needed anger-inducing techniques that were more efficient than watching a 3 hr. 15 min. Spielberg movie every time I write a column. So I called Thomas J. Harbin, a psychologist and author of *Beyond Anger: A Guide for Men*. He agreed that people are really into rage right now. "In many walks of life, belligerence is now seen as a virtue," he said. "In pro basketball, you don't just block a shot anymore, you have to send it off somebody's face." This was the hardest I'd ever seen someone try to avoid being quoted about politics.

THE ROOT OF ANGER, Harbin explained, is a feeling of inferiority. That humiliation leads to frustration, which manifests as anger. This sounded like a lot of complicated emotions for me to learn. And it's hard to feel inferior when you get paid to write columns about your columns. So I asked Harbin to just reverse engineer what he tells his angriest clients. He said I didn't need to do that to mimic Trump. "I don't think he's angry. I think he's having a blast," he said. "I don't think being angry is the best way to make people angry. I think the best way to make people angry is to do what my wife calls being a smarty-pants."

This was a huge relief, since I'm already really good at that. In fact, half of my Wikipedia page is devoted to columns that made people mad. And a quarter of the entry is spent on essays from critics explaining that I'm not funny. I don't know why I don't find that the least bit humiliating. But I do know it wouldn't bother Trump either. It's probably because they were written by lightweight web writers who get paid a tenth of what I do, sitting home alone in their tiny apartments, desperately using my name as click bait to increase their tiny audiences. Total losers. ◻

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN GEE FOR TIME



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Loretta Lynn With her first album in 12 years and a new PBS documentary about her life, the 83-year-old coal miner's daughter isn't slowing down

Your new album, *Full Circle*, includes songs from your childhood that you never recorded. Why revisit them now? I was always busy writing new songs and recording them, but I never got back to the songs I did when I was a little girl that Mommy had taught me. I got to thinking when I started recording, Hey, I'm doing this on my own, I'll cut what I want to. I got 93 songs cut. A lot of them are the old stuff. Some of them are new.

Ninety-three songs? The record label don't care how many songs I sing, 'cause they'll pick from them what they want me to come out with. They've already got the next album picked.

You duet with Willie Nelson on "Lay Me Down." Has he ever tried to get you to smoke? Willie's never tried to get me to smoke marijuana. I think people know whether you want to smoke or not.

Some radio stations banned your 1968 song "Fist City," about women who pursued your husband while you were away. Were you surprised by the reaction? Oh, I couldn't figure out why they thought it was bad! I just wrote about the everyday thing that was happening.

In live performances of that song, you're smiling, even when you're singing about hitting a woman. Did people underestimate you because of your demeanor? Other women underestimated me. If you can't fight for your man, he's not worth having.

In the PBS documentary *Loretta Lynn: Still a Mountain Girl*, Sheryl Crow says country music is too cosmopolitan now. Do you agree? I think so. We don't have real country music anymore, not like they used to have. It's more or less a pop sound. I think someone will probably save it. They're going to have to, because you can't lose something that we've had for a hundred years.

Are there any country artists you do like? Miranda Lambert is good. The last record she had out, "Little Red Wagon," I didn't think that was good. It wasn't real country. I hope they don't try to put her down the middle of the road and start recording pop with her.

You've previously backed Donald Trump. Is he still your candidate? I got a little mad at him the other day. He gets a little aggravated with people, and you can't be like that. What he says he's going to do, I think he can do. But I hope to heck he don't mess that up.

When you worked with Jack White of the White Stripes on 2004's *Van Lear Rose*, you made him chicken and dumplings. Is that your signature dish? I thought, Well, maybe everybody don't like beans and fried potatoes and corn bread like I do. They were a little cold, because he got down here a little late. I live 100 miles outside of Nashville. That way you write your own songs and you don't listen to someone else telling you what they want to hear.

In the documentary, he describes watching you pull out dozens of song sheets to record. How many unreleased Loretta Lynn songs are you sitting on? Hundreds of 'em, let me tell you. People get lazy.

Are you offended when people ask if you'll retire? Somebody asked Tammy Wynette one day, "Why don't you move over and let us younger singers take over?" Tammy said, "Why don't you try and move me?" Tammy told me that, and I laughed because I've had stuff like that happen to me. Try to move me! I could work every night if I wanted to.

Do you ever get tired of singing your signature songs? Oh, I've been tired of them things for years. But the people don't get tired of it. —NOLAN FEENEY

> 'What [Donald Trump] says he's going to do, I think he can do. But I hope to heck he don't mess that up.'

ERIKA GOLDRING—GETTY IMAGES

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